THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW VOLUME CV NUMBER 630 JUNE 1949 THREE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE

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The Cover *The Awakened Conscience* was painted by William Holman Hunt as a counterpart to *The Light of the World*, 'representing in actual life the manner in which the appeal of the spirit of heavenly love calls a soul to abandon a lower life.' The features of the possessor of the soul thus called upon were originally so distorted by the sudden realization of the horror of her plight that the first owner of the picture got Hunt to repaint them. But apart from its merits as a sermon in paint and its æsthetic qualities, *The Awakened Conscience*, showing, as it does with Pre-Raphaelite attention to detail, a St. John's Wood interior of 1853, is a historical document of the greatest interest. While the young lady's situation may serve to remind us that St. John's Wood was not then so respectable as it has since become, the sense of trees and cool greenery so subtly conveyed by the reflection in the mirror is still characteristic of the district—and a thing which, as shown on pages 273-286, any plan for its re-development must preserve. (*The Awakened Conscience* is reproduced by kind permission of the owner, Mr. Colin Anderson.)

The Authors *Lionel Brett*, architect. Born 1913. Educated at Eton and New College, Oxford; he won the R.I.B.A. Ashpitel Prize in 1939. During the war he served with the Royal Artillery overseas. Is now in private practice, and especially interested in town planning. He was associated with the plans for Weston-super-Mare and Redditch, and is architect-planner for the New Town at Hatfield. Has published many articles in the architectural and lay press, and 'Houses' (1947) in the Penguin series. *Peter Dickinson*. Born 1926. Educated at Westminster School and the A.A. School of Architecture. After 2 years in the Guards completed training 1948, with Honours Diploma; won the Henry Florence Award and I.C.I. Scholarship. In 1948, worked for Wells Coates. Since 1948 in private practice. His present work includes a factory in Halifax, restaurants, industrial design, etc. *Stephen Gardiner*. Born 1924. Educated at Dulwich College and the A.A. School of Architecture. After 2½ years in the Royal Navy completed training 1948, with Honours Diploma. In 1948, worked for Wells Coates. Since 1948 in private practice. His work includes a factory in Halifax, restaurants, industrial design, etc. *H. S. Goodhart-Rendel*, M.A. (Oxon.). Born 1887. Educated at Eton and Trinity College, Cambridge. Grenadier Guards, 1915-20 and 1940-45. Director, Architectural Association Schools, 1936-37. President, R.I.B.A., 1937-38. In private practice in France and England; his work includes Clive Buildings, Calcutta; Hay's Wharf Head Office, London; Queen Elizabeth Hospital for Children, Banstead. His published works include a monograph on Nicholas Hawksmoor; 'Vitruvian Nights' (1932); 'Fine Art'; 'How Architecture is made' (1947). *Ove Nyquist Arup*, born in Newcastle, 1895. Educated in Hamburg and Denmark. 1922-38, engineer and designer with industrial concerns in Hamburg and London. Since 1938 has collaborated with various well-known architects as consulting engineer, and is interested in research into concrete shell construction and pre-stressing. During the war he was associated with the construction of a deep-water jetty at Heysham and on the Normandy prefabricated harbour. His published work includes 'Safe Housing in Wartime' (1941) and many technical pamphlets and reports.

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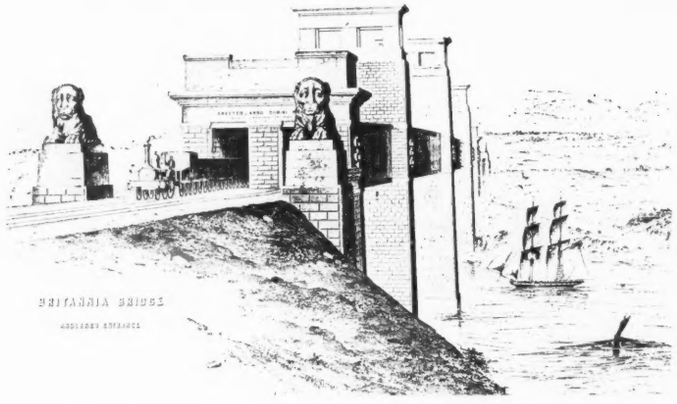
THREE SHILLINGS AND SIXPENCE



One of the most hazardous feats performed by the great bridge-builders of the early nineteenth century took place exactly a hundred years ago—on June 20, 1849. This was the operation of floating into its position between the masonry piers the first of the gigantic iron tubes, 460 feet long, which constitute the main spans of the Britannia Bridge across the Menai Strait. Robert Stephenson was the engineer, and the picture above—a lithograph from the folio volume on the Britannia and Conway bridges, published immediately after their completion by Edwin Clark, Stephenson's resident engineer—depicts the first tube nearing completion on a wooden platform built at high tide level on the Caernarvon shore of the strait. It is shown nearly ready for floating to its final position, the anxious but eventually triumphant performance of which is described on page 303. The lifting of the tube, which was not without its perils also, followed immediately. The floating of the second tube took place in December and this tube was lifted into position in January, 1850. On March 5, 1850, Robert Stephenson himself put the last rivet in the last tube and passed through the bridge, accompanied by about a thousand admiring visitors, in a train drawn by three locomotives. The bridge, which is also shown completed, above, was opened a fortnight later.

Lionel Brett

ATTITUDES TO LANDSCAPE

a planning policy for the National Parks

The National Parks Bill was tabled in the House of Commons on March 17, 1949. Its main objects are stated in the Explanatory Memorandum to be

> *'to provide for the designation of National Parks and for the establishment of a National Parks Commission; to confer on the Nature Conservancy and on local authorities powers for the establishment and maintenance of nature reserves; to provide for the recording, creation, maintenance and improvement of public paths and for the creation of long-distance routes; to enable the public to have access to open country; to confer further powers for preserving and enhancing the natural beauty of the countryside; and to provide for Exchequer assistance towards these purposes.'*

It will be the business of the National Parks Commission to designate, firstly, certain 'extensive tracts, which by reason of their natural beauty and the opportunity they afford for open-air recreation' will be known as National Parks and developed by Park Planning Authorities consisting mainly of local but partly of national representatives; and secondly, certain smaller 'areas of outstanding natural beauty' which are worthy of special treatment by the local planning authority. In both cases, the Commission is responsible for indicating to the local planning authority, and to the Minister, the general principles on which each area should be developed. Moreover, any 'question affecting natural beauty' in England and Wales may be referred to the Commission for advice. The National Parks Commission is thus to become the supreme authority on English landscape. This essay, a preliminary reconnaissance, discusses the general principles on which this unprecedented authority should operate. But general principles will have to operate differently in different circumstances. The author mentions two of the areas recommended as National Parks, the Broads and North Wales, and shows how each demands—and could be given—different treatment within the overriding principle of multiple use. The REVIEW would go further, and say that North Wales (but not the Broads) is a case where the normal operation of the principle of multiple use should in its turn be overridden by the National Parks Commission (which exists exactly in order to be able to exercise that authority where necessary). And the priority technique suggests exactly how the Commission could accomplish this without undue inelasticity—by switching the order of priorities rather than freezing activities. The switch might not suit short-term local interests but to provide means of overriding local interests for the whole nation's benefit is one justification of the National Parks idea. In a later issue the REVIEW intends to present a special study of North Wales in order to elucidate this alternative attitude to the control of landscape; also a special study of the Broads.

The Editors

Si jeunesse pouvait; si vieillesse savait. The old man's proverb, thus reversed, seems as true of civilisations as it is of people. As our power to do things increases, we lose our intuition of what to do. In the end we become powerful enough to destroy ourselves by our own folly. The popular examples of this process are of course the atom and the managerial revolution. It is curious to find the same situation building up in the quieter corners of human activity such as for instance the field of town and country planning. Here too, absolute power is within our reach in this country. We have for the first time designed machinery by which to control our whole landscape. We could therefore make it the most beautiful landscape in the whole world—if we knew how. . . .

The nature of our deficiencies will be evident if we look back into history. We shall find that the story divides itself, as stories often do, into three. First, the classical attitude—the basic attitude to

their surroundings of men who have slowly and painfully pushed back the wilderness and the frontiers of knowledge. To such men the wild landscape is hideous and alarming, the tamed countryside lovely and refreshing—a land flowing with milk and honey. 'He watereth the hills from above; the earth is filled with thy works. He bringeth forth grass for the cattle, and green herb for the service of men, that he may bring food out of the earth, and wine that maketh glad the heart of man.' At the back of the psalmist's mind, as of all the pastoral poets from Virgil to Gray, is the clearing in the forest, the known world islanded in the unknown. The thousands of years in which order had been won and lost and won again from chaos left an indelible subconscious imprint, making beauty and order almost synonymous.

'Avoir une maison commode, propre et belle,
Un jardin tapissé d'espaliers odorans. . . .'

Every gardener knows the feeling, though he may express it in forms of more complex origin. It is the motive force of all landscape design.

The first effect of the Renaissance on this classic love of tidiness and order was of course vastly to reinforce it, giving to a mere instinct the sanction of rationality and a place in the emergent Natural Law. With renewed confidence and power men set about the improvement of their environment. Armies of workmen carved Italian hillsides into monumental terraces and aligned great avenues across the gentler contours of western Europe. But power carries within itself the seeds of dissolution. An architecture of pure reason is no sooner reached than it topples over into mannerism. Thus the romantic movement, though its leaders happened to be found in eighteenth century England and its final triumph coincided with the French Revolution, had been latent in the mind of the Renaissance ever since Petrarch and Leonardo. If the classical love of order was the natural accompaniment of slow material progress and immature science, the romantic love of accident was an equally natural reaction from the rapid advance of science and of physical power. To the classical mind the tamed landscape was lovely, the wild hideous; to the romantic the wild was splendid, the tamed—tame.

There is no need in this article, nor is there space, to retrace the influences which transformed romanticism from a mere wayward eddy in the main stream of classicism into a rushing cataract bearing all before it. But we should note that right from the start the romantic attitude to landscape had two main components. There was the love of wild places, above all of mountains and gorges, which developed from pleasurable awe through mystical uplift to hearty familiarity. And there was the love of old things, which went through a not dissimilar transmutation, if we take the Renaissance attitude to Rome, the Victorian attitude to Gothic and the Inter-war attitude to Tudor as signposts. With the decline of agriculture in Victorian England it became possible to combine both ingredients in a passion for the Decayed Rustic—whether a weedy field, a broken-down cottage or its broken-down inhabitants were implied. What Geoffrey Scott called the Cult of the Extinct was incidentally extensible to anything obsolete, of which windmills, sailing-ships and warming pans are surviving examples. The general effect on landscape was to discourage all effort to improve it. Nature knew best.

One uses the past tense, although patently the romantic attitude is still going strong—and that not merely in the cosier corners of suburbia. The Beauty Spot seems established as a national institution, and it is interesting to find in the Hobhouse Report our whole landscape graded in these terms.

But while Romanticism flourishes, we ought not to overlook a third attitude, which for the moment we can only call Modernism. There is order, there is picturesque disorder, but thirdly there is chaos. The twentieth century's despair of science, the despair of Kafka and Picasso and Sartre, is beyond romanticism. The attitude to landscape is that beauty is neither man-made nor God-made; it does not exist. Characteristically, the English form of this nihilism is John Betjeman's 'How to like Everything'. Under the landscape-painter's leadership we rightly throw overboard the facile Victorian distinction between beauty and ugliness. But in so doing we deprive the landscape-architect of his standards. The pendulum of taste swings so fast in times of rapid change that those who cling to it are always in danger of finding themselves thrown off into the period-before-last, where they will be embarrassingly welcomed by their recent enemies and may betray their recent friends. Thus Sharawaggi, etc., delightful adventure though it is for the readers of the REVIEW, only confuses the minds of those who were laboriously weaned from Victorian romanticism by the

Cautionary Guides, *Good and Bad Manners in Architecture*, and *Britain and the Beast*. It is not surprising to find the officials, in whose hands the future of our landscape inescapably rests, a little hazy about their objectives. If people of high visual sensibility, to whom officials ought to look for the formulation of the rules of landscape design, have nothing to say but that there are no rules, what next ?

* * *

It would seem that we have reached a point at which it is necessary to revert to fundamentals. Landscape design, following as it always has in the wake of building, has reached the sort of impasse that confronted architecture fifty years ago. A dose of functionalism now, as then, is probably the cure, and it is interesting to find it prescribed by writers like Stapledon, Stamp and Brenda Colvin in England, and Mumford and Lilienthal in America. But it is functionalism of a rather sophisticated kind. It is what Repton called 'a just sense of general utility'; what Dudley Stamp, in his great survey *The Land of Britain*, calls the Principle of Multiple Use. And here are an English and an American definition.

'A cement-quarrying industry, which must of necessity be sited on limestone and which thereby threatens a magnificent Derbyshire district, will, so long as the production of cement is its single objective, continue to devastate and ruin the scenery. Once its objective is extended, however, to embrace the needs of its workers for healthy enjoyment of their leisure hours, it immediately becomes apparent that the ground previously littered with waste products or left derelict after quarrying of limestone and clay must be brought back into use according to its capacity. Topsoil must be respread and playing fields constructed. Gardens, allotments and grazing must be established. The worked-out clay pits must be made into lakes for bathing, boating and fishing, and these must be suitably set in turf, trees and wild flowers. Shelter must be provided by belts of trees, and any space not otherwise in use can be given over to forestry, which will yield coppice products soon, and eventually timber'*.

'Water falls upon a mountain slope six thousand feet above the level of the river's mouth. It percolates through the roots and sub-surface channels, flows in a thousand tiny veins, until it comes together in one stream, then in another, and at last reaches a TVA lake where it is stored behind a dam. Down a huge steel tube it falls, turning a water wheel. Here the water's energy is transformed into electricity, and then, moving onward towards the sea, it continues on its course, through ten such lakes, over ten such water wheels. Each time, electric energy is created. That electricity, carried perhaps two hundred miles in a flash of time, heats to incredible temperatures a furnace that transforms inert phosphate ore into a chemical of great possibilities. That phosphatic chemical, put upon his land by a farmer, stirs new life in the land, induces the growth of pastures that capture the inexhaustible power of the sun. Those pastures, born of the energy of phosphate and electricity, feed the energies of animals and men, hold the soil, free the streams of silt, store up water in the soil. Slowly the water returns to the great man-made reservoirs, from which more electricity is generated as more water from the restored land flows on its endless course. Such a cycle is restorative, not exhausting. It gives life as it sustains life. The principle of unity has been obeyed, the circle has been closed. The yield is not the old sad tale of spoliation and poverty, but that of nature and science and man in the bounty of harmony'†.

* * *

Somehow or other (and this essay will try to show how) it is the business of our generation to reconcile the dynamic conceptions of functionalism and multiple use with the static character of official routine planning, so as to give to ideas, power, and to power, ideas. We have to introduce to each other the Practical Man, who though devoted to the countryside dreads both the sentimental and the sterile approach to preservation; and the Beauty Spotter, who yearns to capture and bottle and thus preserve for all time the existing scene by means of 'strict statutes and most biting laws'. It was the romantic fallacy to recognise their separate claims (the claim of Economics and the claim of Beauty) but not to reconcile them, so that a piece of land had either to be exploited or sterilized. Normally Economics received absolute priority, with the exception of an occasional *cause célèbre* in which high-minded pressure groups invoked every means of propaganda to 'save' a piece of scenery from economic exploitation. To lend sanction to the claim for special treatment,

* Brenda Colvin. † David Lilienthal.

it became usual to refer to the threatened area as a potential National Park, and to talk of freezing its economic life by law. And since this was difficult to do, it was never done. Our emergent National Parks policy, if unwisely implemented, would merely perpetuate this mischievous Victorian dichotomy—the negation of planning, whose basic purpose is to mould into a living whole the infinite variety of claims made on the region by the contacts of its inhabitants.

For the planner is the reverse of the one-idea man. If ideas were balls he would be the man who keeps eight or nine in the air at once. To do this his synchronisation must be so accurate as to partake of the nature of pattern, and the pattern will be the result of the way he combines the balls, so that there will be as many patterns as there are combinations. A new pattern does not demand new balls, only a new combination of the old balls. Neither is it enough just to fling the important ones in the air and leave the rest in the basket. In a healthy society there is space and time for every activity, whatever the combination—the agent of multiple use being multiple need. To take only the mundane demands of work, entertainment, relaxation, shelter—no durable way of life on any workable chunk of land can be conceived without all these contacts dancing in the air together. The combination will vary as one or other takes precedence, and the landscape pattern will vary with it. Two things are reciprocal, the pattern and the combination.

The solution, in other words, lies in the one word 'grading', mentioned in an earlier paragraph. What was wrong with the Hobhouse Report was not that it graded the landscape, but that it graded it in terms of Beauty. Once we accept multiple use as a principle (as well as an inevitability), the problem is simply to establish a grading system whereby in a given locale one type of use will have precedence over another. This is of course a flat denial (with the modernist) of inherent Beauty. The romantic priority list (first, the Lake District; second, the coastline; third, the limestone hills; fourth, the chalk downlands; last, the green countryside) and the classical priority list (the other way round) are allowed to cancel out, and we try to look at our national estate as a whole, and in terms of priority of use, instead of making absurd comparisons, in terms of Beauty alone, between the paddock and the cabbage patch, the copse and the herbaceous border. But while we broaden our view to include all England in space and time, we should remember that it is the landscape designer's ultimate skill to seek out the *Genius Loci*, buried though he probably is under asphalte, blitz, crazy-paving and slag-heaps, and nurse him back to life. 'Romantic art' says John Piper, 'deals with the particular'. We have a long and living romantic tradition, but have made the mistake in the past of erecting pretentious generalisations upon it, instead of applying it to the study and improvement of particular places.

The number of different combinations of functions, and thus different patterns of landscape, so far evolved by contemporary planners is ludicrously inadequate to our needs as well as unworthy of our traditions. Lacking any technique for varying the pattern, they have in fact had to fall back on two ready-made stock solutions. One sees economic interest as Priority No. 1, with the rest of the combination fitting in as best it can. The other accords an arbitrary priority to certain patches of scenery, and puts the other balls away in the basket. But these patches of scenery that we are to call National Parks represent merely different gradings of land, different patterns of balls, different sets of priorities from the dominantly economic ones that obtain outside. It should be the business of the National Parks Commission to settle these priorities within the overriding principle of multiple use, giving to each Park Planning Authority a sequence within which to work. While as a whole the National Parks must of their nature occupy the opposite end of the scale, as it were, from that of ruthless economics, typified by opencast coal seams and marshalling yards, each park will nevertheless be graded in a way subtly different from every other.

* * *

Let us take as examples two of the areas recommended to the Minister as National Parks. First, the Broads. The Broads has become a recreational area with a flourishing industry, yachtbuilding and hiring, drawing prosperity from the influx of summer visitors. But the summer visitors have a rival in the locals and near-locals, butchers in the local market town, solicitors from Norwich, foremen from the yacht stations, who keep a permanent bungalow as well as a boat on these banks. Both these sets of people need boats, but the second need bungalows as well, and the bungalows need services, roads, roadhouses, water, electricity. These amenities attract more people, the people need more boats, the boat builders more hands, the hands more bungalows, and so a tendency sets in

towards increase of population founded on the week-end habit. As a consequence one set of users tends to spoil the Broads for the other; for bungaloid development is not compatible with the kind of wide-open, wind-swept landscape necessary to the soul of the townee-yachtsman taking his annual holiday. Neither is it to the ultimate interest of the bungalows, for they would be permanent losers by the loss of the amenities they were brought there to enjoy even though they are the agents of the loss. And the greatest losers of all when overbuilding kept the holiday-makers and week-enders away would be the boat-yards.

Here evidently we have a case of a potential National Park, imminently threatened with sterilisation, which in fact demonstrates the reciprocity of interest between the Beauty Spotter and the Practical Man. In claiming priority for aesthetics the planner is claiming it in the economic and in the local interest, since the week-enders and the boat-builders would be the ultimate victims of the area's loss of amenity. Once the priority technique has established that the local interests themselves require preservation of the existing scene, freezing the region as a National Park becomes redundant.

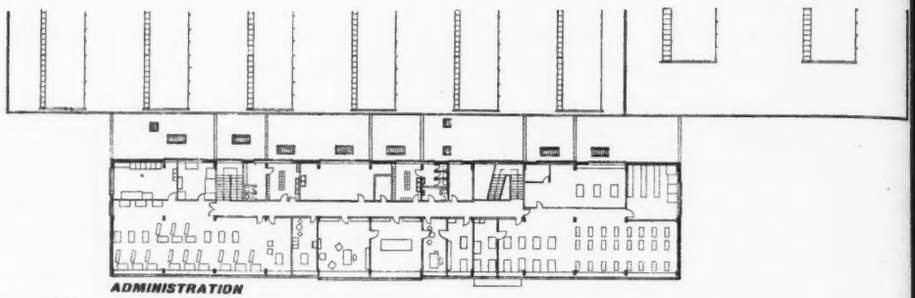
We have only to turn our attention to North Wales to find a completely different situation. Though North Wales is another 'playground', and though the conditions appear on the surface similar, in fact no case for freezing (visually) the existing landscape can be made out in the name of local interest, either business or private. No one could say, for example, that conifer plantations would ruin North Wales as a tourist centre for Manchester and Liverpool. The only argument against afforestation is that 'Snowdonia' is a uniquely Welsh piece of landscape, to preserve which against the philistine Forestry Commission the nation has a sort of duty. To appraise this argument you have to be capable of seeing in the mind's eye the thousands of square miles in Europe and North America already groaning under Christmas trees—that is to say you have to be a connoisseur in landscape, aware of the value of its infinite variations. This is not a normal hiker-attitude. Still less is it good economics, unless it can be proved that a rocky acre under a sheep is more productive than under pit-props.

We are thus faced at once, as the reader will have anticipated, with two 'amenity' areas, the Broads and North Wales, where a National Park policy has been invoked to preserve a 'playground' for city workers, which in fact demand quite different use priorities in practice. In the first—where all the interests concerned require, even though they may not know it, rigorous preservation of the characteristic landscape—the planner has merely to solve a simple problem in diplomacy, namely the winning of the public over, in its own interest, to his No. 1 priority:—the preservation—in a visual sense—of the Broadland scene. In the second, he has to face the fact that nothing in the conditions requiring a public playground forbids a complete visual revolution by afforestation, etc., since such a revolution would not interfere with public enjoyment or with local prosperity. It would almost certainly enhance both. Here then the planner is unable to accord absolute priority to visual preservation. So long as he considers his job to be the reconciliation of interests, it is also his duty and splendid *métier* to make a pattern of sheep-runs, precipices, slate-quarries, chapels, Christmas trees and holiday camps. Not to freeze, in fact, but to improve.

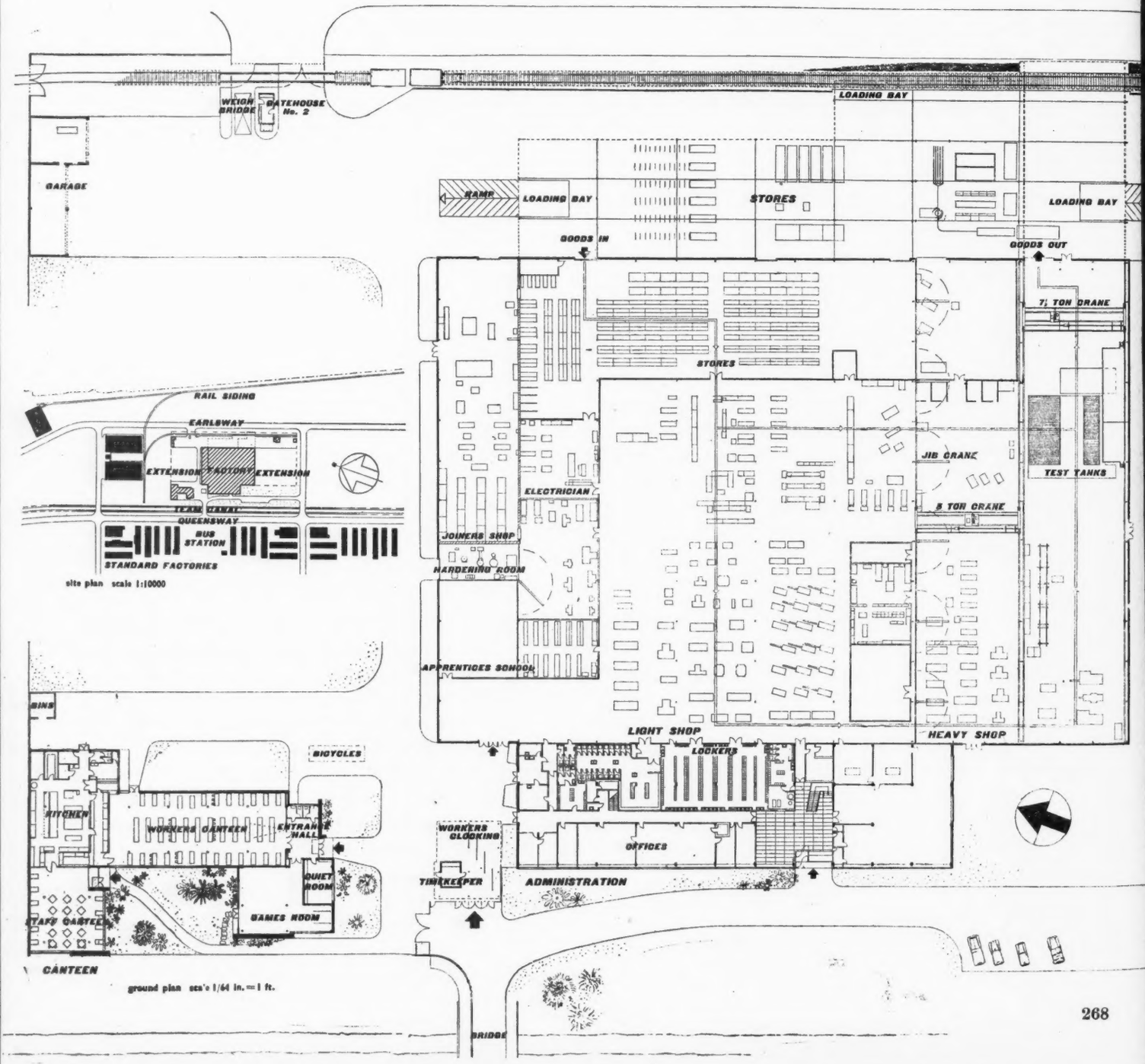
* * *

Thus instead of one inelastic rule-of-thumb we are presented with a various but classified series of combinations, all having as their ultimate end the creation of a characteristic landscape, but one that has to be achieved every time as a special case by means of a special combination of the interests involved, with an ever changing sequence of priorities. The planner's negative task is to establish the priorities as between many claims of which the aesthetic is one and one only. But in another and a positive sense the planner is ultimately preoccupied with something else. For in the last resort he will be judged, as he will judge himself, by his capacity to create out of the reconciliation of rival contacts a visible harmony, in short a landscape, urban or rural, it matters not which. A harmonious landscape, a *characteristic landscape*. The whole purpose of physical planning can be summed up in that last phrase, standing as it does for the outward and visible sign of an inward adjustment.

NEW FACTORY AT GATESHEAD



first floor plan scale 1/64 in. = 1 ft.



site plan scale 1:10000

ground plan scale 1/64 in. = 1 ft.

NEW FACTORY AT GATESHEAD

ON THE TEAM VALLEY TRADING ESTATE

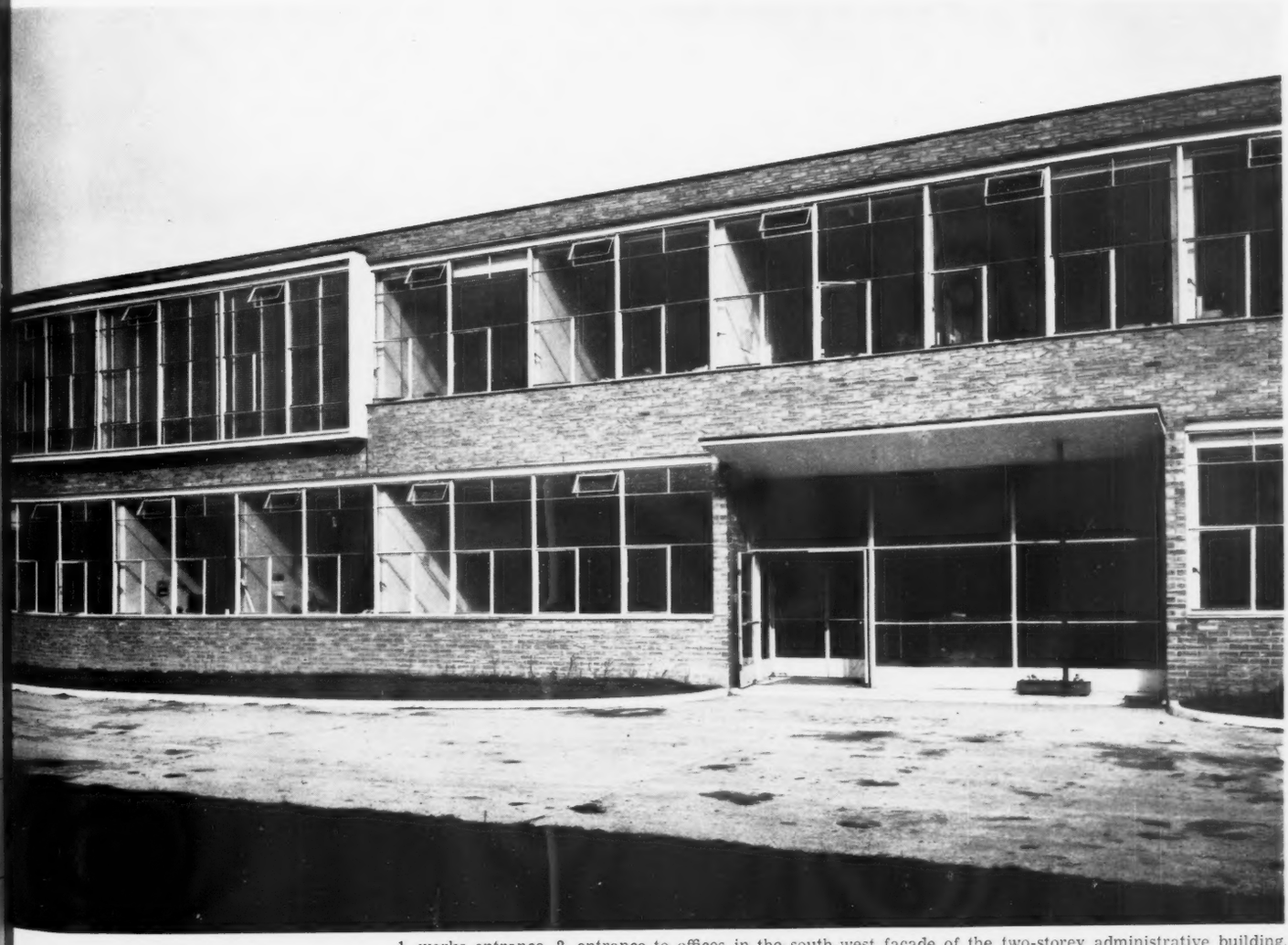
1

F. R. S. YORKE, E. ROSENBERG, C. S. MARDALL: ARCHITECTS

site Built for the manufacture of pumps, this plant replaces a number of smaller standard factories. Stipulated requirements included provision for future extension; large covered loading bays and storage areas; testing tanks below floor level; administrative and canteen buildings of high standard; good factory lighting. The site, on the Team Valley Trading Estate, is approximately nine acres. Originally the river Team crossed the area, but was diverted to form a canal, the old bed being filled in and levelled.

planning A new bridge across the river from an estate main road forms the main approach to the factory, and goods traffic enters from the east of the site. The total area of all buildings is approximately 144,000 square feet; of this 24,000 square feet is roofed storage space; the main factory building occupies 85,000 square feet in the centre of the site. The 'light shop' area comprises six bays, each 40 ft. wide; the 'heavy shop' consists of two bays, each 55 ft. wide, equipped with jib and travelling cranes, one of which moves out to the nearby railway siding for direct loading. The joiner's and pattern

(*contd. on page 271*)



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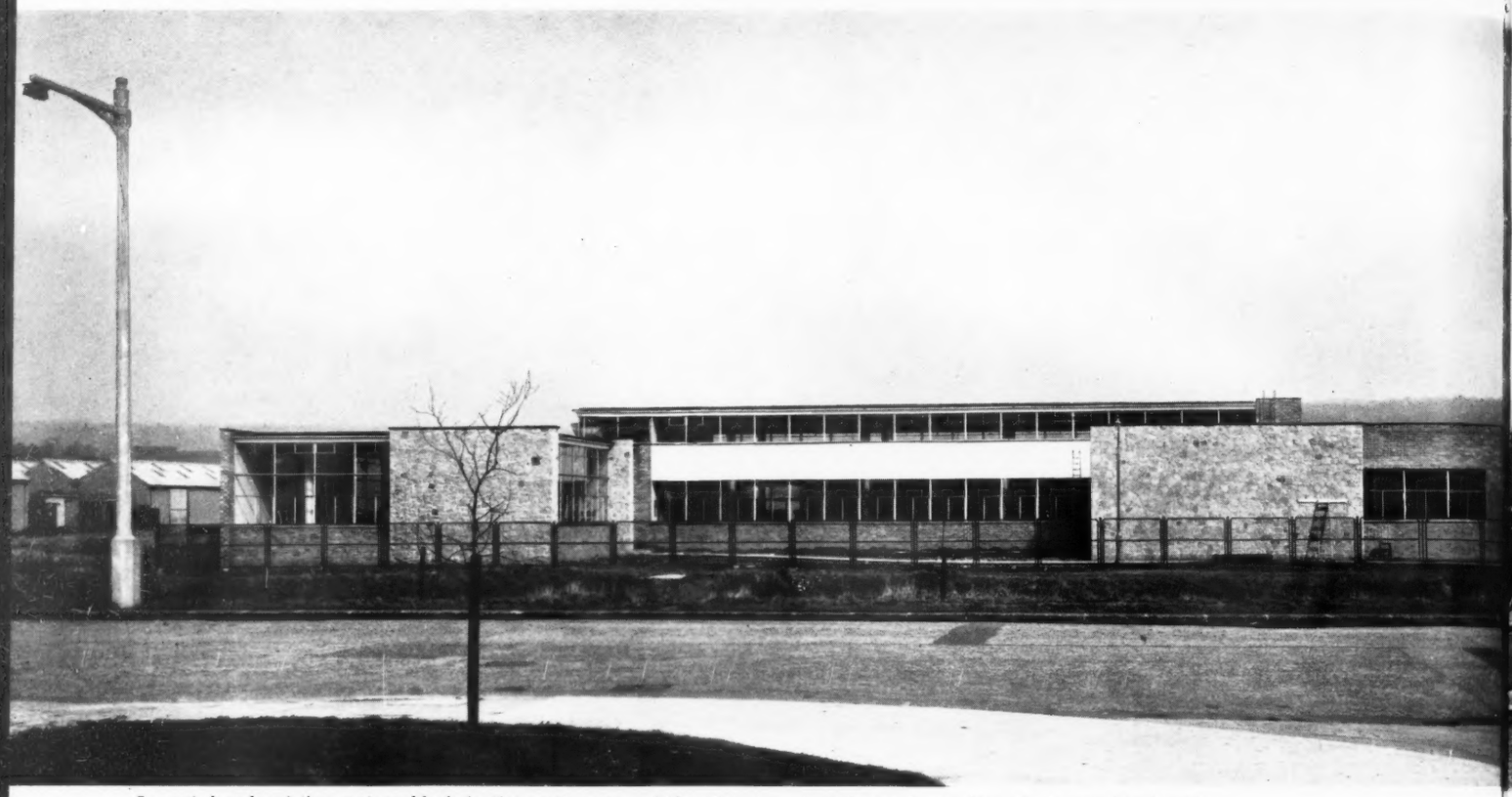
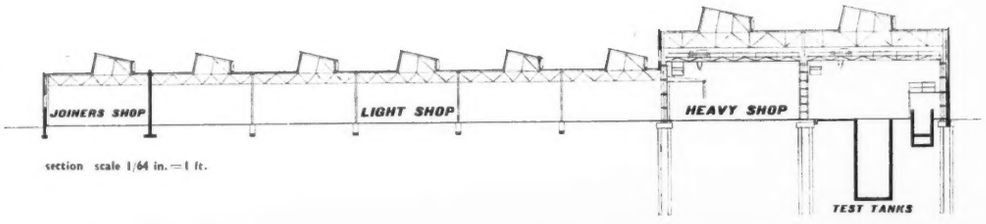
1, works entrance. 2, entrance to offices in the south-west façade of the two-storey administrative building.



3, west façade of the canteen block in the west corner of the site. 4, main entrance to canteen. 5, the workers' canteen.



section scale 1/64 in. = 1 ft.

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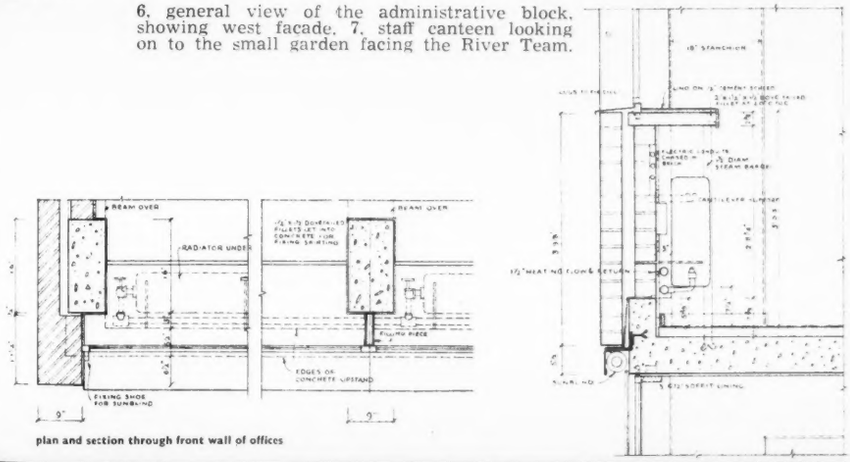
6, general view of the administrative block, showing west facade. 7, staff canteen looking on to the small garden facing the River Team.



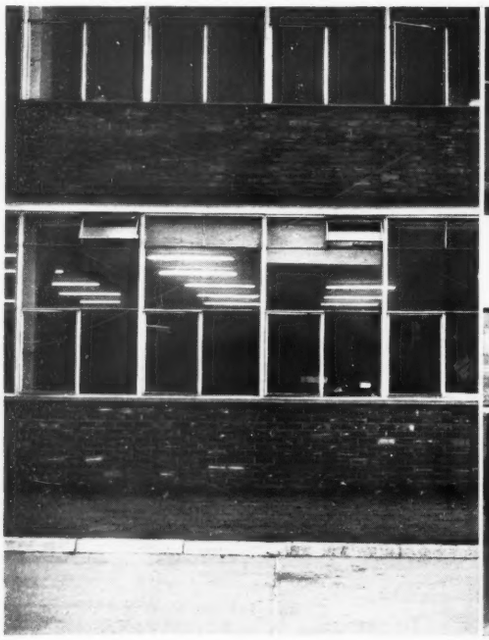
plan and section through front wall of offices

(*contd. from page 269*)

shop is separated from the main factory by a 13½ in. brick wall as a fire precaution ; the remaining factory space is undivided except for stores formed by steel partitions.

ancillary buildings The two-storey administrative block is to the west of the main factory, with single storey lavatory and locker rooms between. Provision is made for adding a third storey. First-aid rooms at the north end of the factory are easily accessible from all parts of the site. The canteen block, with its small garden facing the river, is in the north-west corner of the site ; the kitchen serves separate canteens for workers and staff. The building is also used for recreation, and contains a games room and a quiet room. Immediately inside the main gates at the north-west corner of the site is the gatehouse with the clocking station. At the east side of the site, a road links the goods entrance and weigh-bridge with the garages, loading bays and boiler house.

construction The canteen, administrative block, boiler house and heavy shop are on piles ; other buildings are on normal foundations. Canteen and offices have re-inforced concrete framing. The factory is steel frame, with welded lattice girders and steel decked roof. External walls are 9 in. brick below window level and 4½ in. brick above, with 2 in. foam slag inside. Internal walls are 4½ in. brick, and the standard office partitions are steel and glass. The testing tanks, generally 10 feet below floor level, are in reinforced concrete ; the depth of one section of tanks is 30 feet, and here poured concrete piles are used as permanent shuttering.



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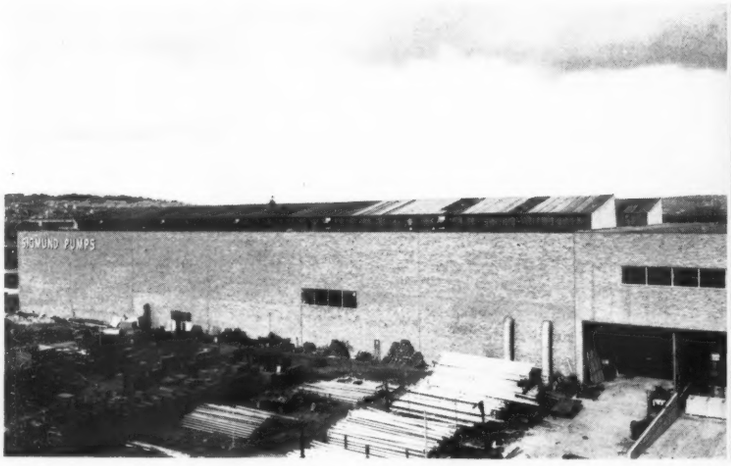


10
11

8, detail of windows in the administrative block. 9, entrance hall in the office block. 10, main factory, from the east, with goods exit and loading ramp. 11, general view of the factory interior, looking north-west.

finishes All windows and external doors are steel. The factory floor is granolithic. Brick walls are painted; steel decking is finished in high gloss cream paint; steelwork, pipes and conduits are in the colours of the British Standard Specification. Floors in the administrative block entrance hall and corridors are terrazzo; in the offices they are linoleum or composition. Walls and ceilings are plastered and distempered. The canteen entrance hall floor is Hornton stone; the canteens, games and quiet rooms have asphalte tiles; buff quarry tiles are used in the kitchens. Walls generally are plastered and distempered; the kitchen has fair-faced brick walls.

heating A mechanical conveyor fills the overhead storage bunker in the boiler house. A vertical boiler supplies steam for the testing tanks, for unit heaters in the factory, for all hot water radiators, and for all domestic supply. The main locker room is heated by a low-level piping system.

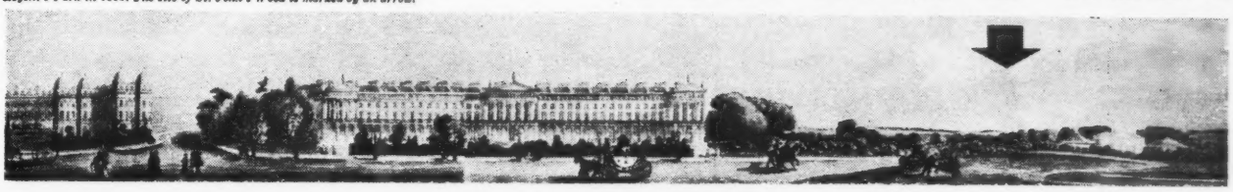
Architects associated in the design of this factory were I. B. Wilson, Paul Badcock, T. R. Evans, Penelope Whiting and R. R. Tomalin.

Consultants: O. M. Marcel, Reinforced Concrete. John Porges, Heating. R. T. Gregory, Electrical.

Peter Dickinson and Stephen Gardiner

ST. JOHN'S WOOD

Regent's Park in 1831. The site of St. John's Wood is marked by an arrow.



St. John's Wood is unique: a residential quarter of London developed just before the middle of the nineteenth century in a way that enabled it to combine the leafy charm, the seclusion and privacy, of the better type of suburb with the urbanity that properly belongs to a central area. It provides a valuable precedent for today when we are constantly seeking for a technique of planning individual houses, suitable for family life, without the defects of most recent low-density development. The present generation, however, has treated St. John's Wood badly. In the between-war years massive blocks of flats were built in main streets, destroying their scale and compromising their well-planted secluded character, and now, on the expiry of most of the leases, a scheme is afoot, sponsored by the London County Council, for altering its character even more drastically. It is proposed to convert it into an immense flatted housing scheme after the familiar L.C.C. pattern. This proposal, which is the subject of a Ministerial enquiry, is being opposed by, among others, the Eyre Estate, the traditional ground landlords. On the following pages is presented a survey of St. John's Wood with emphasis given to its special character and the architectural means devised to give expression to it. This is followed by an outline of a style of modern redevelopment which would preserve its virtues and give it a new lease of life as a residential area of an informal yet closely built-up kind.

'As I walked on, the air soon lightened; the Throne, the Altar and the Top that cast fainter shadows, the figures of John Bright and Gladstone and Queen Victoria evanesced—they faded. I had entered the precincts of St. John's Wood; and as I went past its villas of coquettish aspect, with gay Swiss gables, with frivolously Gothic or Italian or almost Oriental faces, their lighter outlook on existence, the air they have of not taking life too seriously, began to exert an influence. . . .'

Logan Pearsall-Smith.

problem

FROM THE TOP of a London bus one can see, in the terraces, the offices, the flats, the squares, two hundred years of English history. The first impression is one of chaos. But as the bus travels on, one sees that certain districts disentangle themselves from others. Bloomsbury, for instance, has a planned, sensible look. In South Kensington there is an effulgence of stucco in crescents that practically intersect one another in a way reminiscent of Bath. In Jubilee Place, Chelsea, there is one pair of semi-detached houses—again one feels a sense of order. Or going north again, up Baker Street and down the Marylebone Road, past terrace upon terrace of late Georgian houses, we eventually burst on the magnificent sweeps of Nash terraces, generous and authoritarian, in the shelter of which lie Regent's Park and a little to the west the shaded and original neighbourhood of St. John's Wood.

Speaking very broadly, St. John's Wood, in form, might well be a suburb on the outskirts of London rather than near its centre. Streets such as Marlborough Hill are in general appearance replicas of the sort of thing one finds in ribbon development. One sees immediately how they differ from the terraces and the jumble of Chelsea and Highgate, how there are no squares or large green spaces of the Georgian and Victorian type. St. John's Wood was not, however, built to a set plan all at one time. Its individuality, which resides in the insistence on the semi-detached layout and the house and garden,

certainly originated from early plans for the neighbourhood. But St. John's Wood developed gradually, taking shape in the hands of a number of builders working on the same lines. But although it was not deliberately planned—and this is the point that must be emphasized—it was the first large-scale development of its kind. Terrace-housing was still almost universal, and was to remain common for a long time to come. The scale of St. John's Wood is at times more lavish than that of the modern suburb. But the emphasis on the front and back garden, the house standing in its own grounds, on the semi-detached and the detached layout, all these were revolutionary when St. John's Wood was built.

In this article we do not wish merely to show the neighbourhood's *raison d'être*, or to describe its historical significance and its present atmosphere. It is true that one cannot realize the importance of the place without knowing these things. It is also true that in St. John's Wood the problems of the small housing estates are covered in their entirety, while to-day the contemporary problem remains, comparatively speaking, unsolved. But even more subtle, even more difficult to solve than these problems is the one that St. John's Wood poses—how to rebuild a neighbourhood that is already good to live in.

This then is the problem. It is a universal one, and one which cannot be answered simply by statistics and official investigation. And so in this article we have attempted to solve its visual side, deliberately leaving the question of statistics to those whose business such things are.

history

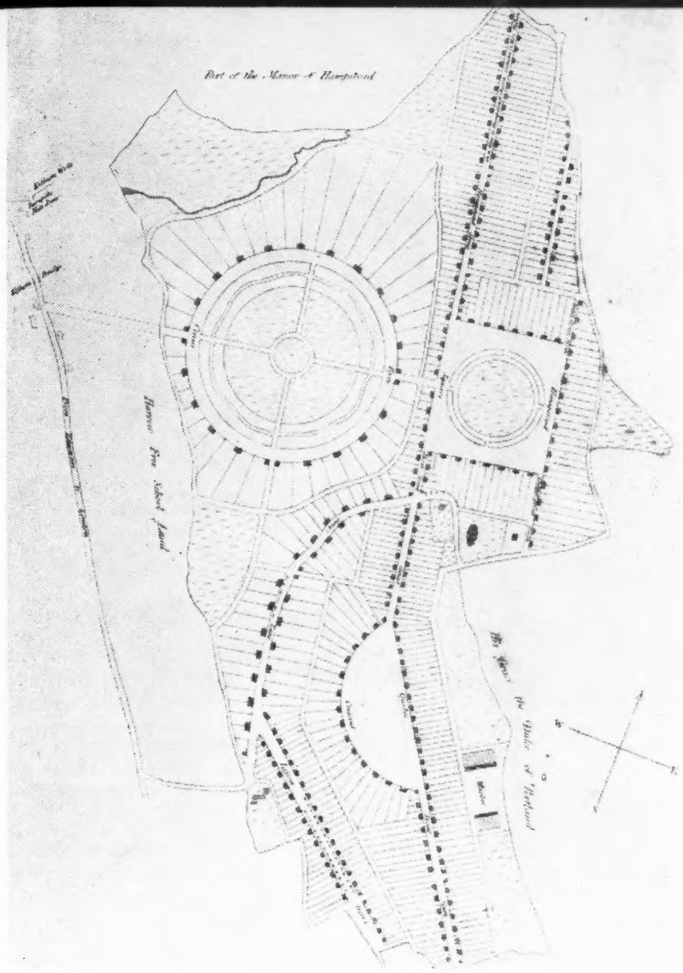
THE EARLIEST SURVEY of St. John's Wood, that made by John Roque in 1745, shows the northern line of London finishing on Oxford Street—intersected by Georgian terraces. It also shows the scattered villages and country houses of Paddington, Tottenham Court, Marylebone and Kilburn. In particular the shaded area shows a road named St. John's Wood that led from Punker's Barn up to St. John's Wood Farm. The road is now Grove End Road, the farm the dairy. A winding lane connected the farm with Marylebone, running on the same line as Wellington and Park Roads. Lifing Green (now Lisson Grove) is shown as a village adjoining Paddington. That is the essence of the Survey—St. John's Wood in 1745, a rolling piece of countryside, of fields and pasture grounds; a central spur with gently sloping sides—a well-wooded landscape.

The name St. John's Wood originates from the Priors of St. John's. In 1720 it was bought by the Eyre Estate. By 1770 Georgian architecture reached the Marylebone Road—then called the New Road. And in 1794, a revolutionary project was put forward for the development of the Eyre Estate—namely the Spurrier and Phipps's plan. Fundamentally the plan, with its crescent and circus, was influenced by Wood's Bath. But it was also revolutionary in that it introduced, for the first time, a complete layout of semi-detached houses. The terrace disappears: it is the first example of the planned suburban layout. The semi-detached house was put forward as the answer to the small private house. Its development was due to a number of factors, among them the reaction from the monotony of Georgian terraces, and the desire of the growing middle classes to ape the country squire. The Spurrier and Phipps's plan has a contemporary air. It has the audacity and asymmetry of some modern planning, but also foreshadows the monotony of today's ribbon development.

1745

* * *

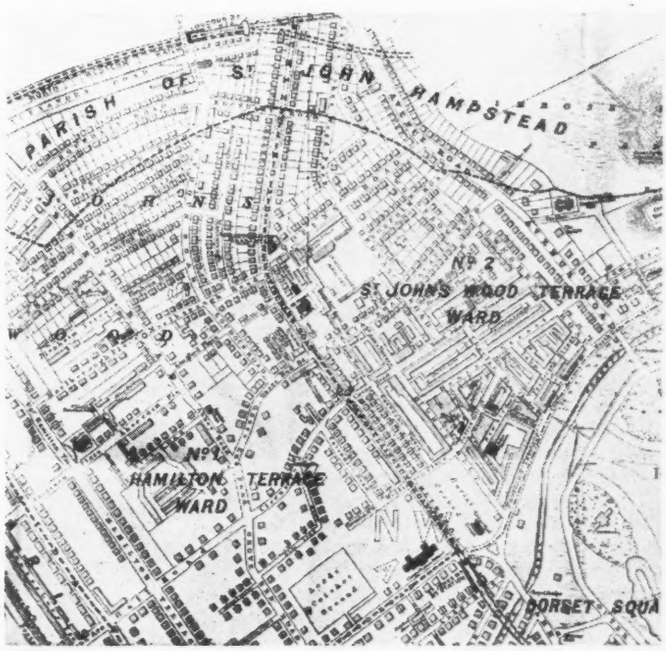
The first plan for Regent's Park was put forward in 1812, but it was not until 1820 that Nash began work. During those years many different schemes were suggested. Villas of St. John's Wood went up in anticipation of the coming of the Prince Regent. By 1820 Alpha Cottages on the South Bank were already up. So were those in Elm Tree Road—built round a corner field—and in Cochrane Terrace. Nash's stucco and his mysterious Park Village West set the character—pilasters, stucco, pediments, and the rest. The first



1794

The maps on these pages illustrate the growth and development of the St. John's Wood district over a period of two centuries. John Roque's map, on the facing page, shows the area as it was in 1745, with London proper ending abruptly at Oxford Street, and with the pastoral enclosures of St. John's Wood and the village of Paddington to the north-west. A plan for the development of the Eyre Estate, left, was prepared by Spurrier and Phipps in 1794; it was in complete contrast to the rigid terrace and square development to the south, and was considered too unorthodox, so was never carried out. By 1830, however, Regent's Park was complete, and the map of St. John's Wood in 1833, bottom left, shows the Eyre Arms built, and the street plan almost complete as far as Boundary Road, but with housing development tailing off to the north. The essential character of the neighbourhood was formed. In approximately 1860 Twentyman proposed a Royal

1833



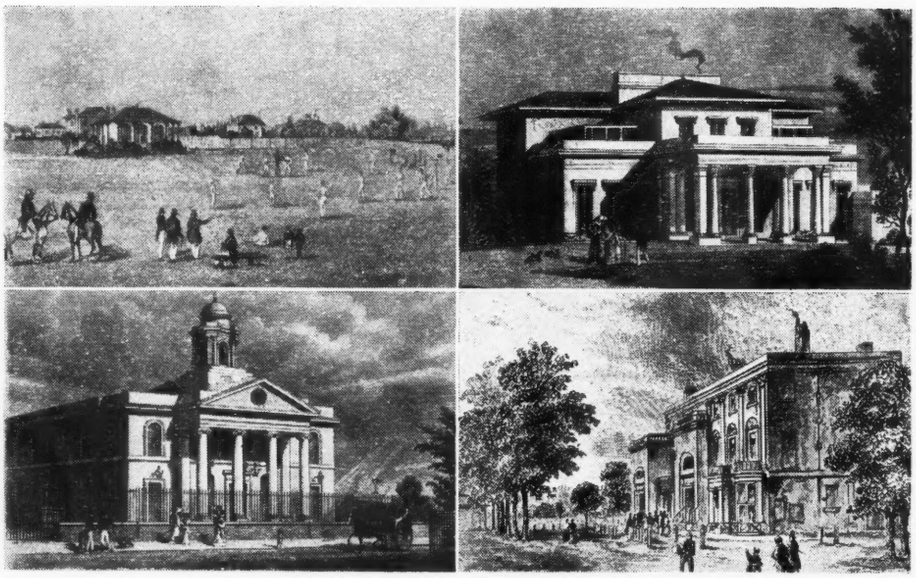
1890

Champs-Elysées from Regent's Park to Hampstead; his design is shown in the engraving, top. The route would have followed very closely the line of the proposed Abercrombie green strip. Bacon's map of the district, above, prepared in 1890, shows Lord's Cricket Ground as the central open space to the south, and the area now entirely covered with the characteristic St. John's Wood villa. Today the area is endangered by proposals to continue the building of the kind of gigantic flat block that had already appeared before the war in Grove End Road and along the Wellington Road.

builders of St. John's Wood were attracted by the fact that it combined the peace of the countryside with a closeness to London. In a letter to Eyros Redding a friend of his says: 'Beautiful fields—green lanes—clear air—the very place for lovers of quiet and lovers of nature—why don't you build a villa in St. John's Wood?' Progress was gradual. The insistence on the semi-detached house first suggested by Spurrier and Phipps, was apparent. It was not until 1824, when the building of Regent's Park was well under way, that there was any significant change. Then came a proposal for a Turnpike Road to be built from Wellington Road to Hampstead; it was intended that this should join a road going south to Regent's Park; and so we have Finchley and Avenue Roads.

This planning is again reminiscent of Spurrier and Phipps's scheme for a through road to the north, off which minor roads, Wellington Place, Circus Road, St. John's Wood Terrace, Grove End Road, Boundary Road, Acacia Road, Finchley Road, began shooting off, following very much the lines of the fields, and running across the contours. Around these the small stucco semi-detached villas grew up, informal and pleasant, with Regency, Swiss or Gothic affectations. By 1827 the development of St. John's Wood was under way. Although at first slow, it gathered momentum as the place became popular and better known. Artists, actors, authors, merchants and courtesans came and stayed. By 1830 Regent's Park was complete. The map of St. John's Wood in 1833 shows the Eyre Arms built and the street plan almost complete as far as Boundary Road, but housing development tailing off to the north. The essence of the neighbourhood, its character, was already formed.

St. John's Wood was fast becoming fashionable. Fireworks went up from the Eyre Arms (whence balloons were to go up too); a Champs-Elysées from Regent's Park to Hampstead was proposed; the Eyre Arms was the centre of attraction. In 1833 a jousting contest was staged in the gardens. St. John's Wood was in the public eye. It went on growing. By 1855 a large part of it was built and the Victorians were engulfing Edgware Road, Chelsea, Hampstead. St. John's Wood Park grew up, heavy and unmanageable. As John Summerson remarks in *Georgian London*: 'The crescendo is furious. . . . Vast estates in Pimlico and Bayswater borrow Nash's stucco uniform and advance into the Victorian West. Only St. John's Wood bravely resists and makes with its gardened villas, London's most humane Suburb.'



LANDMARKS *in St. John's Wood include Lord's Cricket Ground, top left, and the Eyre Arms, bottom right, which is no longer there. St. Mary-le-Bone Chapel, now St. John's Wood Chapel, bottom left, remains today as it was when built at the beginning of the nineteenth century. To the visitor coming from the south it is his first sight of St. John's Wood. The villa in Regent's Park, top right, built by Decimus Burton for the Marquis of Hertford, has now vanished, but as a country mansion in miniature it may be said to have provided, though on a much larger scale, a prototype for the St. John's Wood villa.*

HOUSE TYPES *in St. John's Wood showing the variation in style and size. They show quite clearly a gradual increase of scale, beginning with the small house and ending with the grandiose Victorian of St. John's Wood Park and Cavendish Road. The predominant character is Regency. The detail—size of windows, doors, etc.—alters considerably from house to house.*

character

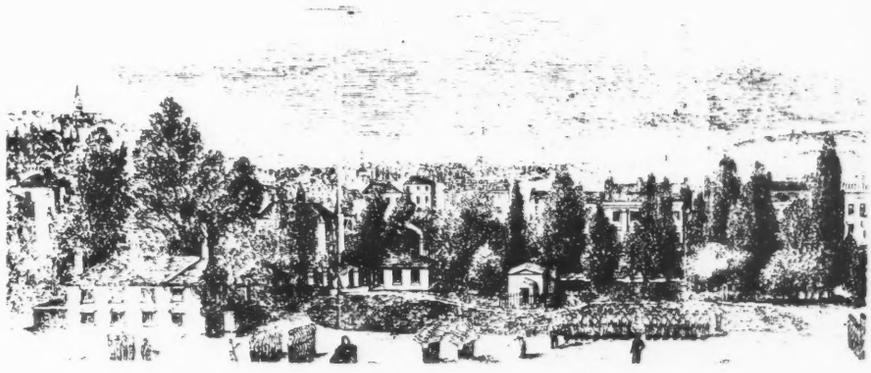
As London has expanded along the shafts of the wheel, further and further from the centre, the diameter increasing the whole time, it has lost integrity. From Hampstead Hill or from Greenwich the river charts your position, but from Pinner, Uxbridge or Croydon there is no directional pull. You know when you are walking down Finchley Road or Baker Street that you are walking towards the river; you walk down Regent Street into Piccadilly, into the Haymarket, Trafalgar Square, Whitehall, and you are precipitated into the river itself. A place must have this directional pull, this orientation towards a centre.

Now St. John's Wood is part of London. It lies on the south side of the first sharp rise to Hampstead. It is built on the end of a spur that shoots steeply up Fitzjohn's Avenue. This is where London should have stopped. Then the place would have been an outside seat on the Arena, instead of, what it is to-day, a pocket of calm and peace passed over by a relentless and unrepenting surge of building.

The character of St. John's Wood is mainly the result of its trees. In groups, not clumps, they occur at every point where the eye looks for depth and recession away from the blank surface of the tarmac. It is this quality that we need in London, and for that matter in every big industrial town—the quality we call depth. This alone produces a feeling of peace and rest. This quality of depth, controlled as in a good painting, produces an interest that is forever inviting.

The first impression of St. John's Wood is a collection of cream and white-painted houses huddled together behind the trees away from the main road. It is a backwater, sandwiched between the huge Victorian hill of West Hampstead and the simple, composed uniformity of Baker Street and Marylebone. Imagine, for a moment, that you are climbing Wellington Road in a Number Two bus. Grove House! Lord's! a graveyard freckled with sunlight camouflaged by rugged, peeling planes. . . . The journey has begun, the mood changes, the house and the garden assume importance; you have 'entered the precincts of St. John's Wood.' Gone are the terraces; gone the brickwork; gone the perpendicular windows. Instead, there is the semi-detached

roofscape *a view from the roof of almost any St. John's Wood house reveals at once the factor which contributes most to the character of the place—trees. Before, behind and between every house dense foliage permits only an occasional glint from a white stuccoed façade. This element of privacy, which is the unique possession of St. John's Wood, has been left unchanged for the last hundred years, as a comparison between the two illustrations, below, will show. The engraving, from the* Illustrated London News *of 1854, is a view from St. John's Barracks. The contemporary photograph, bottom, was taken from the top of one of the many houses in the Finchley Road.*



house, the stucco house and streets with an irregular look. It is, as Elizabeth Bowen says, an 'airy, uphill neighbourhood where the white and buff-coloured houses, pilastered or Gothic, seem to have been built in a grove. A fragrant faint impropriety, aris-dust of a century still hangs over part of this neighbourhood; grass passages lead in from high green gates, garden walls are mysterious, laburnums falling between windows and walls have their own secrets. A wind whispers at night round airy ornate little houses in which pretty women live singly but not always alone. In the unreal late moonlight you might hear a ghostly hansom glide up the empty road, or see on a pale wall the shadow of an opera cloak. . . .'

This is exactly the character of St. John's Wood. The air of mystery, the houses with their stuccoed, secret look, the smart, rather chic façades, the heavy trees, the high walls and the gardens contented in the summer shade—this is the St. John's Wood style. Seen from one end of Wellington Road, the separate houses step up it like a long sentence of short descriptive words. The house, the garden and the trees are always predominant. The stucco façades add unity to the neighbourhood; the walls give the streets continuity. And over all the huge flats brood with indifferent eyes; great blocks, without scale or significance.

Walk round quickly. See the place as a whole. And then, start again, studying the detail. You cannot fail to be convinced that St. John's Wood holds one of the secrets of the good urban landscape—balance—between nature and architecture, streets and buildings, persons and people.

The houses in St. John's Wood range from small to big, from the petulant picturesque houses in Blenheim Place and Carlton Hill to the packed Victorian façades in St. John's Wood Park, from the bland George IV Mansions in Cavendish Close to the scintillating splendour of Norfolk Road. No one looking for a house would find in London more varied fare. The contrasting group of Paxton houses to the closes of Langford Place and Elm Tree Road, the mellow autumnal charm of Woronzow Road, the studio houses with their grass wings in Loudon Road, the once tranquil quality of Townsend Cottages, back to the crisp clear enchantment of Wellington Road,

in the garden *intimacy, luxuriance and enclosure are the keynotes of St. John's Wood Gardens. The drawing, left, is of a garden in Grove End Road. Fuchsia, wistaria, magnolia, columbine and sunflower grow there in carefully planned disorder. Below, left, Sir Alma Tadema's house, formerly the home of Tissot, now abandoned and with the garden romantically run to seed. Below, right, St. John's Wood Terrace, uniformity and openness—where an atmosphere more akin to Chelsea's suddenly impinges. Bottom and top left on the facing page, back to the true character of St. John's Wood, a ceiling of trees and gleaming stucco walls. The drawing at the top of the facing page is of a miniature Gothic fantasy in Langford Place.*

over the wall

A walk down Loudon Road is a good lesson in exclusion. All the resources of the front garden, the wall, fence, hedge, shrub and creeper, are brought to bear to keep out the intruding eye and footstep. Above, a glimpse of an upper floor is sometimes permitted, or, perhaps as below, a hooded or porticoed front door. On the right, the oldest type of St. John's Wood house, in its original setting. The photographs which follow on the next two pages show the immense variety of visual obstacles placed between pedestrian and building.

Acacia Road and Queen's Grove; their variety is almost unbelievable.

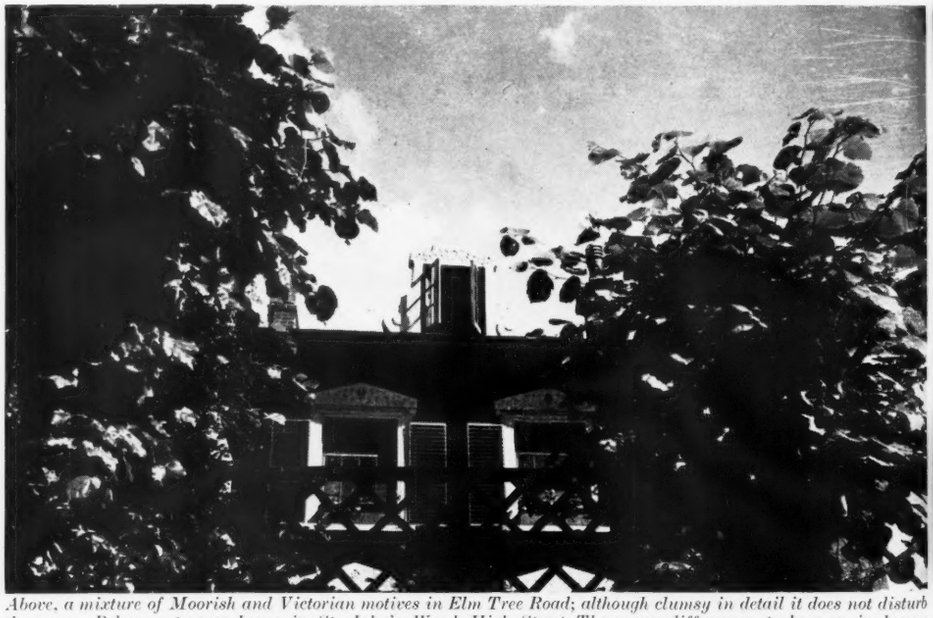
Here are brick and stucco, classical and romantic, flat overshooting eaves, steep, carved and curved fascia boards, dilettante and decorous roofs; the stock in trade of the builders' handbook executed with such marvellous confidence and clarity that we are completely taken in. The factual and fictitious frivolity of the air produced an invasion of Gothic ingenuity. Rarely heavy going, St. John's Wood carries all criticism without loss of face. Turrets and Swiss cottages enliven the roads. The Gothic gate is hidden and secret; the classical porch is proud and platitudinous. Glass verandas tie up the two incongruously. Greenhouses glint in the sun. The fat French windows are simple with ironwork. Ponds of light reflect in a closing window. Nothing intrudes to shatter the picture.

In a garden of a house in Grove End Road the glass roof to the side gate is heavy with grape vines that have seemingly burst out and overflowed from the greenhouse. A vine festoons the railing that leads down to the basement; creepers, wistaria, laburnum and honeysuckle intermingle and create a luxurious labyrinth for the bees. This atmosphere pervades St. John's Wood, underneath the swaying trees, behind and beneath the noise of booming traffic all this slower and smaller life of plants and leaves and winged insects struggles on. From the top windows of this house, you see the great spongy carpet of trees rolling on up the hill to Hampstead.

Looking down again, bringing the garden into focus as it were, we see two lawns, close cut, following natural curves round the flower beds. It is a landscape in miniature; the trees are perfectly placed, big plants and rhododendrons eliminate all glimpses of the earth. Compare this garden with the one surrounding Alma Tadema's house. Here there is no cultivation, no civilized air. Behind the high wall the garden has overthrown the controlling hand, has run wild. The pergola, the dry stone pond, the marigolds and the weeds have come into more than their own. They have outgrown what they were intended to be—a Victorian fantasy, a romantic background for Tadema's whimsy paintings.

Then compare the Tadema garden with another, this time in Elm Tree

Above, one of eight brick and stucco houses in Blenheim Road. These are some of the smallest houses in St. John's Wood, and were considered tiny when they were first built, but represent the ideal size for a small family house in the present day. Here the barrier between road and house is broken down by the wartime removal of railings.



Above, a mixture of Moorish and Victorian motives in Elm Tree Road; although clumsy in detail it does not disturb the peace. Below, a terrace house in St. John's Wood High Street. The many differences to be seen in houses of this type are achieved with tiny modifications to the basic elevation. Here the ground floor is whitewashed.

Above, the Alms Houses, St. John's Wood High Street, built in 1836 from a fund started by Count Woronzow, the Russian Ambassador of the time, whose memory is perpetuated in a nearby road, which takes its name from him.

Above, another view of the Alms Houses. The hawthorn trees, cast-iron palings, courtyard and hedges are in perfect proportion to the scale of the building. A simple elevation of window-door-window is repeated ten times round the court.

Above, stucco portico against yellow brick itself against stucco of the adjoining building, the whole tree-shaded. Above, right, brick and stucco seen again in a different setting. The double entrance gives added importance to the house.

Below, the differing treatment of Georgian doorways to terraced houses that helps to give St. John's Wood its character of variety; left, in ribbed stucco with setting of ivy completing the picture; right, the white stucco is severer, chic and smooth.

Road. Again, we have another section of the big garden, this time a forgotten one, with a stillness and a detachment that is all its own. The grass grows quietly, the trees flower at their will, the chickens potter about with complete freedom. In this case, more than in any other we have seen, you feel that the owners have roped off a piece of St. John's Wood, of the countryside, of the big garden, and have left it at that.

We might study this house a little more carefully. It is an example of the free plan and the asymmetrical elevation. It is what might be called a functional elevation because it translates the disposition of rooms inside without compromise.

When you go inside, the free plan is at once apparent, for the house is designed on a mezzanine system as a series of platforms, five in all, that interlock with one another. The hall is big, divided in two by a thick short wall—like a column. On the right is a platform from which the staircase swings up to the drawing room, and then to the first lot of bedrooms, and then back again; the house seems full of stairs; you constantly walk from sunlight into shadow and then into sunlight again, so perfectly is the house orientated. Take the drawing room for instance. There are three windows on the left as you go in, French windows opening on to the balcony at the end, and a small square window set in the right-hand wall beside them. A huge Adam mirror dominates the room, the eagle savagely swerving in a flurry of gold feathers at its apex. For a moment you cannot be sure whether you are in the room or in the reflection of the room. And going through the French windows on to the balcony you look over the garden with its chickens and trees, over a high tumbled down brick wall to the green lawns of Lord's Cricket Ground. There is complete silence. It is very unusual in London to find a place completely quiet without even that distant roar that is so beautiful when heard from the centre of any London Park. It is as silent as in the country. And this silence, the balance we have already described, the variety and the wholeness are the qualities of St. John's Wood which, however comprehensive the reconstruction, it must be the task of architect and planner to retain and enhance.

streetscape *top, a perfect example of planning for the pedestrian. The special cobblestone street surface, the intimate scale and sense of enclosure, the tree-shaded walk past the secret gardens, the corner shop, all combine to produce that urbanity and seemliness which the motor-car has been gradually eliminating from our towns, and which we must now set about consciously creating, if they are to become habitable once again. Above, left, Elm Tree Road, centre, corner of Abbey Road and Marlborough Place; right, the corner of Cavendish Place and Cavendish Road.*

the intruder *Before the war, St. John's Wood was being relentlessly encroached upon by enormous blocks of flats. In Grove End Road and along the Wellington Road they spread, obliterating trees, gardens and villas. Above, left, a typical St. John's Wood scene, apparently secure. Right, the menace that hovers over it. Stopped by the war, this high density development is now to be continued over all the Eyre estate.*

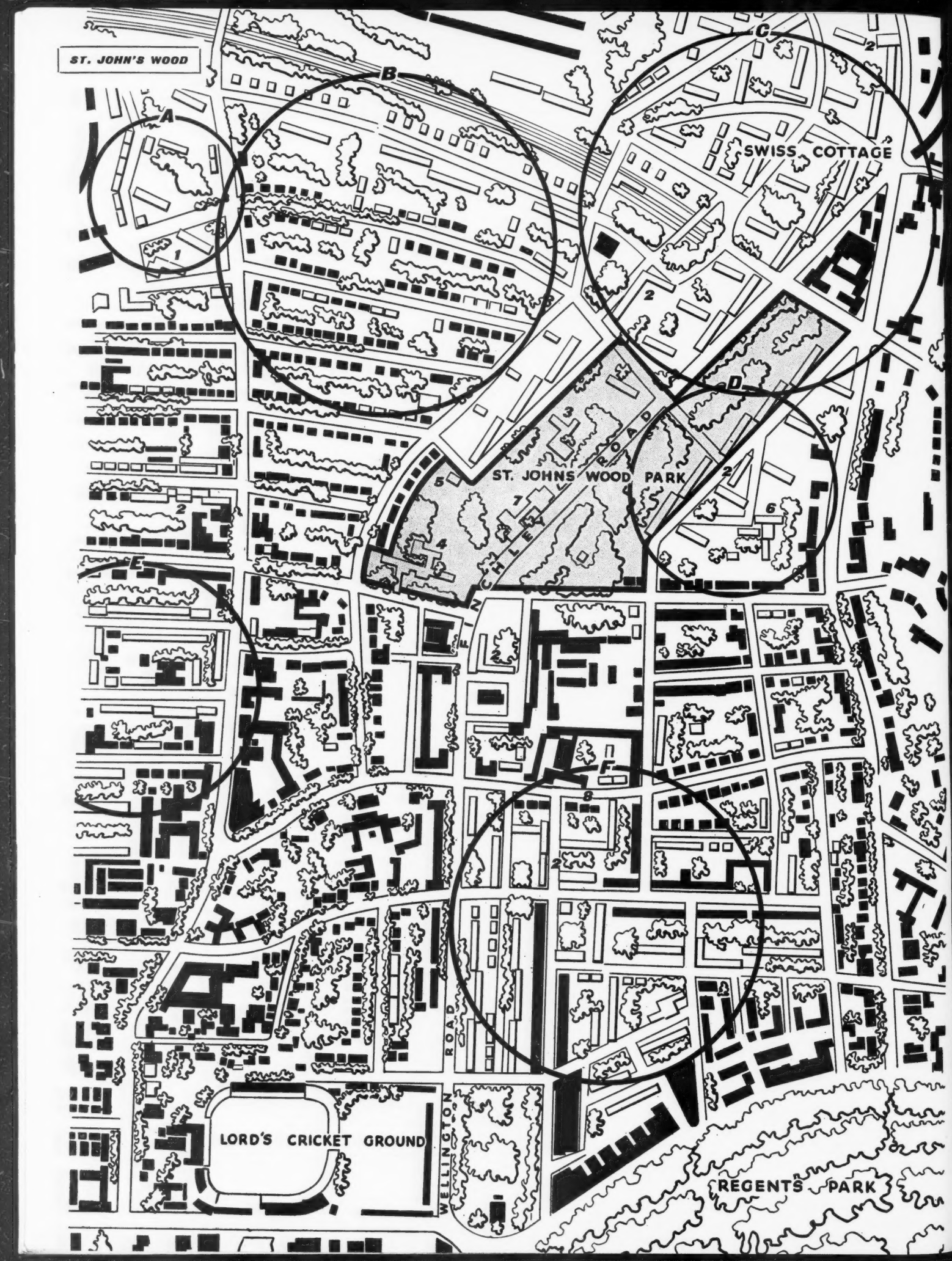
plan

TO-DAY ST. JOHN'S WOOD is alive and occupied. The houses are as they have always been, good places to live in, convenient because they are never too large in scale and never too small. Nash's terraces, on the other hand, stand empty; attractive because of their associations and vigorous design, yet absurd because too big to live in, too grossly out of scale with contemporary life.

The preservation of an idea has been our aim. Buildings can be pulled down and replaced, but the idea must remain; where it has lapsed it must be re-created. The Spurrier and Phipps's plan had a physical unity which St. John's Wood to-day does not possess. The only thing that holds it together now is the general character of its trees, roads and houses. The main traffic routes, Abbey Road and Finchley Road, lined with uninteresting flats, cut indiscriminately across this character. Fifty years ago this dangerous development was not apparent; to-day it is one of the first things one is aware of. If building here develops still farther, St. John's Wood will exist only in a few hidden and forgotten roads. The new arterial road to the north in the Greater London Plan will take the pressure from Finchley Road. The 'B' Ring Road, which runs across the top of the park, does not come within St. John's Wood. Twenty years ago it would have severed from the main part that area which now lies under Marylebone Power Station and the goods yard.

Because of bomb damage, general dilapidation and the need for new housing, at least one-quarter of St. John's Wood will be rebuilt within the next twenty years. If the new arterial road is built there will be no need for through traffic. There will then be an opportunity of re-creating the general character of the place, with trees, houses and gardens. A gradual replacement of buildings, with each building designed and sited with an eye to its effect on its neighbours, can produce good townscape. It is the result of such a process that we see in our older towns. A group of buildings is more important than a number of individual buildings. If a terrace is to be pulled down, its replacement by anything other than a terrace should be weighed up carefully; everything adjacent or near the terrace has been determined by it or has grown up around it. In St. John's Wood Park and the Finchley Road area we have a different proposition. Some 150 houses are abandoned and dilapidated; badly sited and with ill-considered plans; even the few that are in reasonable repair are quite impossible to adapt to twentieth century conditions. Here on the finest part of the Estate we propose a complete change. These are our main conclusions:—

1. The existing character of St. John's Wood should be retained and advanced.
2. In order that it may continue to exist as an entity, St. John's Wood should be given a centre or central space.
3. The St. John's Wood Park–Finchley Road area should be completely replanned.


ST. JOHN'S WOOD
SWISS COTTAGE
ST. JOHNS WOOD PARK
LORD'S CRICKET GROUND
WELLINGTON ROAD
REGENTS PARK
A
B
C
D
E
F

(A) *Alexander Road—Abbey Road—Belgrave Gardens—Bolton Road.*

Flat ground: No feeling of direction; streets of five-storey terrace housing; slummy aspect.

PROPOSALS

The clearing of the three island sites on Abbey Road and the railway side. Planting of trees; re-siting of public house; shopping facilities; new restaurant. The replacement of semi-detached houses on Bolton Road. Four new eight-storey blocks of flats facing south.

(B) *Abbey Road—Alexander Road—Loudon Road—Marlborough Hill—Blenheim Road.*

Tree-lined east-west roads. Small pleasant semi-detached post-Regency houses. Alexander Road—large four-storey bleak houses that back on to the railway.

PROPOSALS

The re-development of Alexander Road and Boundary Road. In two places semi-detached houses are placed east-west. In Alexander Road, four-spaced, three-storey terraces with garages underneath replace existing houses, leaving a green strip down the centre. On the railway—wide-fronted three bedroom type Segal houses, gardens between, with grass verge and tree screened embankment. Planting in groups. Marlborough Hill—the 12 foot frontage two-storey terrace house looking across the park; the whole area planned to give a succession of small open spaces that run diagonally across the site.

(C) *Fairfax Road—Swiss Cottage—Finchley Road.*

Belsize Road divided into three roads that climb steeply. Badly sited, gloomy Victorian houses. Finchley Road is shut in by an unbroken line of houses and terraces. The traffic problem is acute during peak periods.

PROPOSALS

Cloverleaf crossing at Swiss Cottage (in the Abercrombie Plan the new arterial road is re-routed down Acacia Road). Ten-storey flats, widely spaced, along the ridge. Aspect south. The site planned to give a long walk through grass and trees to St. John's Wood Park. Two-storey terrace housing gives direction and enclosure. New shopping centre forms a square. Space for extension to the Blind School and Nursing Home.

Fairfax Road—Belsize Road—Hill Grove. Flats intermingled with houses and two-storey terraces, enclosed spaces and communal garden courts and new planting.

(D) *St. John's Wood Park Road—Boundary Road.*

Huge unmanageable Victorian houses, St. John's Wood Park a deserted road, trees and plants gaining rapidly.

PROPOSALS

Development as for (C) with a small shopping centre and nursery school.

(E) *Grove End Road—Abercorn Place—Hamilton Terrace—Abbey Road.*

Well-spaced terrace housing. Abbey Road entrenched and walled in by blocks of flats.

PROPOSALS

To reconstitute the streets of terrace housing at right angles to Abbey Road, building three-storey flats and terrace housing.

(F) *Finchley Road—Circus Road—St. John's Wood Terrace—Acacia Road.*

Evenly spaced rectangular layout; terrace housing; shopping centre by-passed by the main road.

PROPOSALS

The reconstitution of terrace and semi-detached houses in Wellington Road and Cochrane Street; re-development of Henry Street and Barrow Hill with flats and terraces. A new square in the upper High Street.

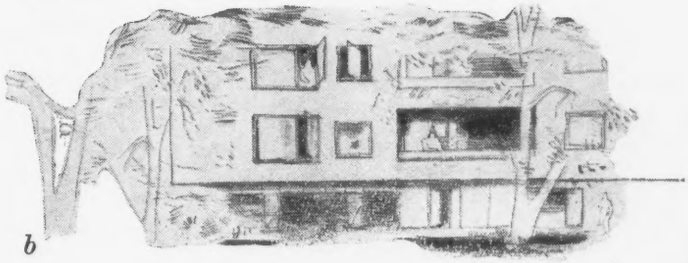
key: 1, public house. 2, shopping centre. 3, restaurant and swimming pool. 4, health centre. 5, nursery school. 6, secondary school. 7, the new Eyre Arms and Wellington Hall. 8, new square.
Existing buildings retained are shown solid black; proposed new buildings are outlined.

St. John's Wood Park

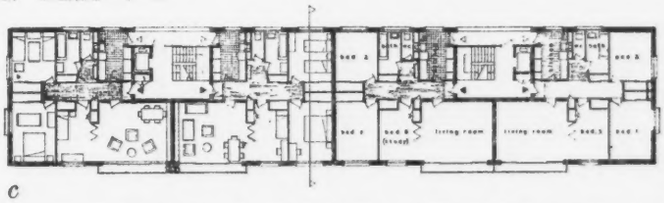
a

a, an oblique aerial view of the model of the projected central park area in St. John's Wood. This includes the new Eyre Arms, the Swimming Pool, and the centre for entertainment, the whole visualized as a spacious parklike area of trees, airy, cool and open, in sharp contrast to the unrelieved wilderness of brick, stone and asphalte that exists at the present day.

Flats



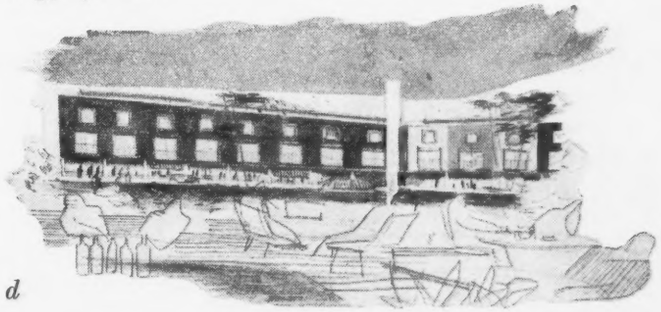
b



c

This ten-storey flat block, by Shirley Warwick, is a suggestion for the sort of flats that could be built in St. John's Wood, and it should be compared with the hideous, ill-sited red brick blocks built before the war. The perspective, of the north side, b, shows one solution to the problem of placing a narrow access balcony adjacent to lifts and stairs. c, plan of the flats: each three-bedroom flat has an area of 900 square feet.

Shopping Centre

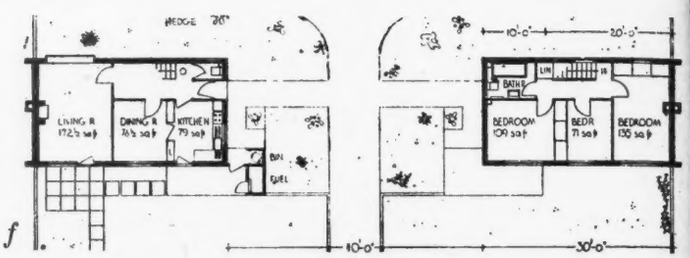


d

d, a perspective of the projected new shopping square, which would be formed by rebuilding the upper half of the High Street. Within the central part of this wide square would be a restaurant, kiosks and stalls with shops recessed under the terrace. This siting would allow shoppers to have free access and movement without danger from vehicular traffic.

e

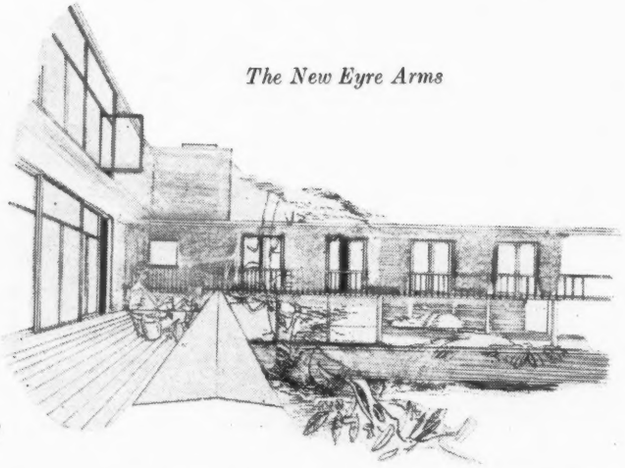
Houses



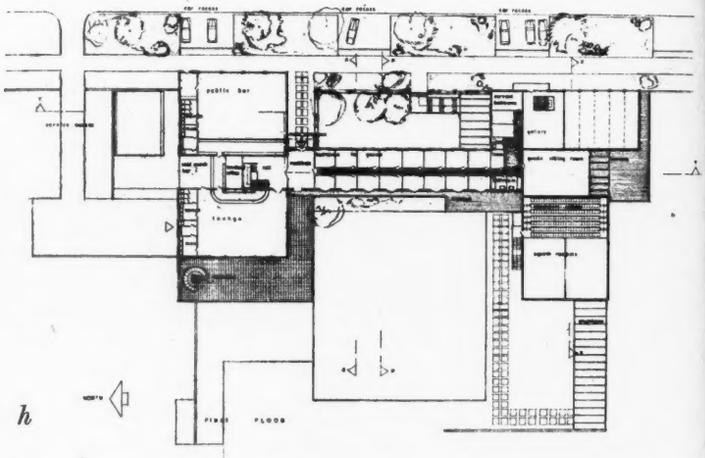
f

The post-Regency and early Victorian houses of St. John's Wood are the right size, well-planned, good-looking. Quite a number will be replaced, but standardization would be regrettable. The wide-fronted Segal house is one type suggested by the authors to replace many existing houses. The garden view, e, shows its kinship to Regency houses. f, is the plan of the Segal house.

The New Eyre Arms



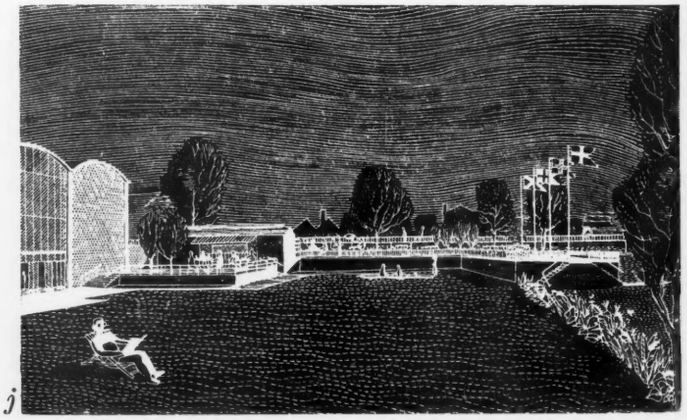
g



h

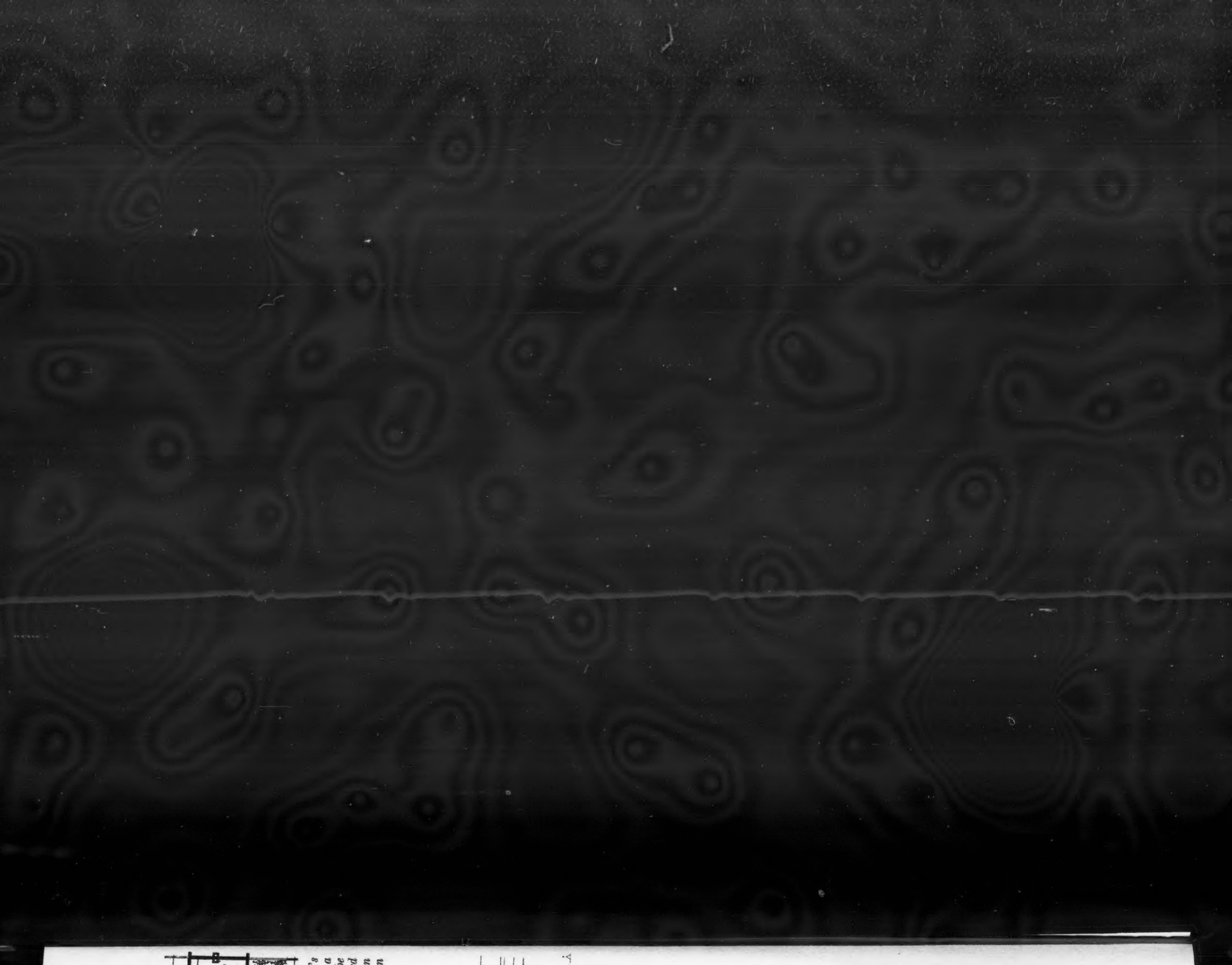
Perspective, g, for a redesigned Eyre Arms looking south-west across falling ground, and plan, h. In this project by J. Briars, an effort has been made to provide the amenities of the original pub and of the old Wellington Hall: these were together famed for their pleasure gardens, where dances, garden parties and balloon ascents were frequently held.

i



j

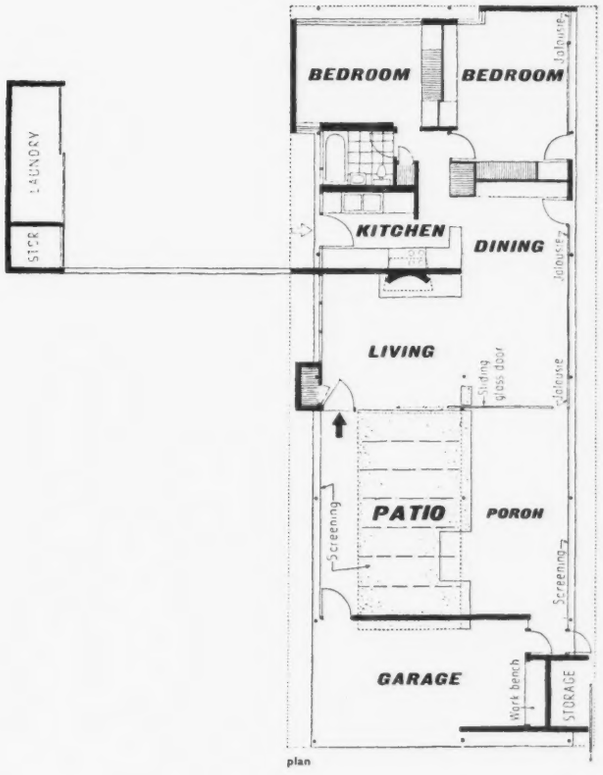
i, the site as it is to-day, a natural park landscape. j, project for a new swimming pool and restaurant to be placed 100 yards up the site. The fall of the ground screens the pool completely from the road, giving an almost rural isolation.



The bedroom wing, with laundry beyond.

HOUSE IN FLORIDA

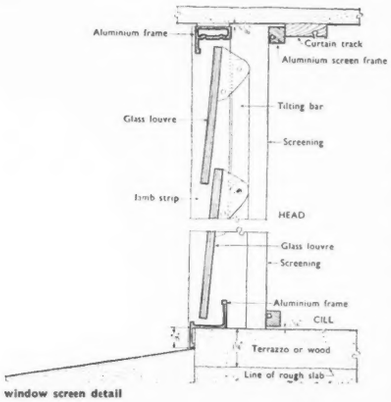
R. S. TWITCHELL AND P. M. RUDOLPH: ARCHITECTS



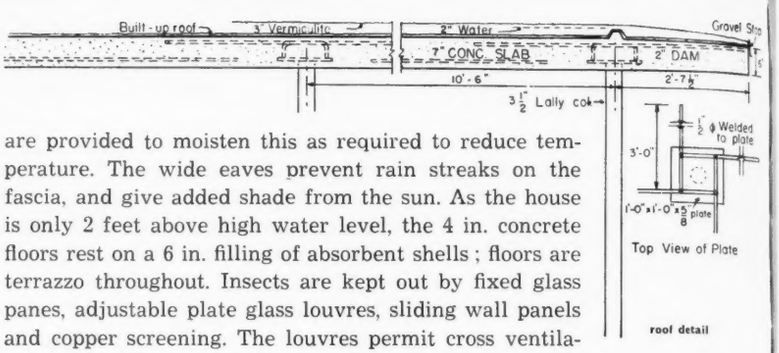
plan

In association with two manufacturers of building materials, the American *Architectural Forum* is sponsoring the building of medium-priced regional houses in eight different areas of the United States. This experimental house by two Florida architects represents the selection for that locality; it is particularly suited for tropical weather conditions, and is designed to be proof against hurricane-shock, mildew, fire and insects (notably white ants)—all of which present local building problems. The ground plan is a simple rectangle comprising two bedrooms, living-dining room, kitchen and a patio with adjustable glass roof; garage and an outbuilding for storage and laundry are separate. The main rooms face south and south-west to catch prevailing breezes; the patio is sheltered from strong north winds by a long wall, an important amenity in Florida. Construction is of monolithic concrete slab, poured in steel moulds, thus eliminating beams and framing and reducing cost; foundations are reinforced concrete. The walls, of 6 in. concrete slab, are not load-bearing; the 7 in. slab roof is supported by a system of concrete-filled steel columns; this permits flexibility in the arrangement of internal partition walls. The flat roof is insulated and covered with a porous composition; manually operated sprinklers

2



window screen detail



roof detail

are provided to moisten this as required to reduce temperature. The wide eaves prevent rain streaks on the fascia, and give added shade from the sun. As the house is only 2 feet above high water level, the 4 in. concrete floors rest on a 6 in. filling of absorbent shells ; floors are terrazzo throughout. Insects are kept out by fixed glass panes, adjustable plate glass louvres, sliding wall panels and copper screening. The louvres permit cross ventilation according to wind strength and direction. All window frames are aluminium. The party wall between kitchen and living room carries a sheet copper hood serving both fireplace and kitchen stove ; it takes off cooking odours and acts also as a radiant heater. All interior woodwork is pine, cypress or striated plywood ; built-in furniture, cabinets and kitchen counters are cypress. Plywood-faced built-in cupboard units replace certain walls. Maintenance costs are almost non-existent, as the concrete used throughout requires no finish, either externally or indoors ; only the floors and some internal partition walls are surfaced, and these for contrast of texture rather than necessity.

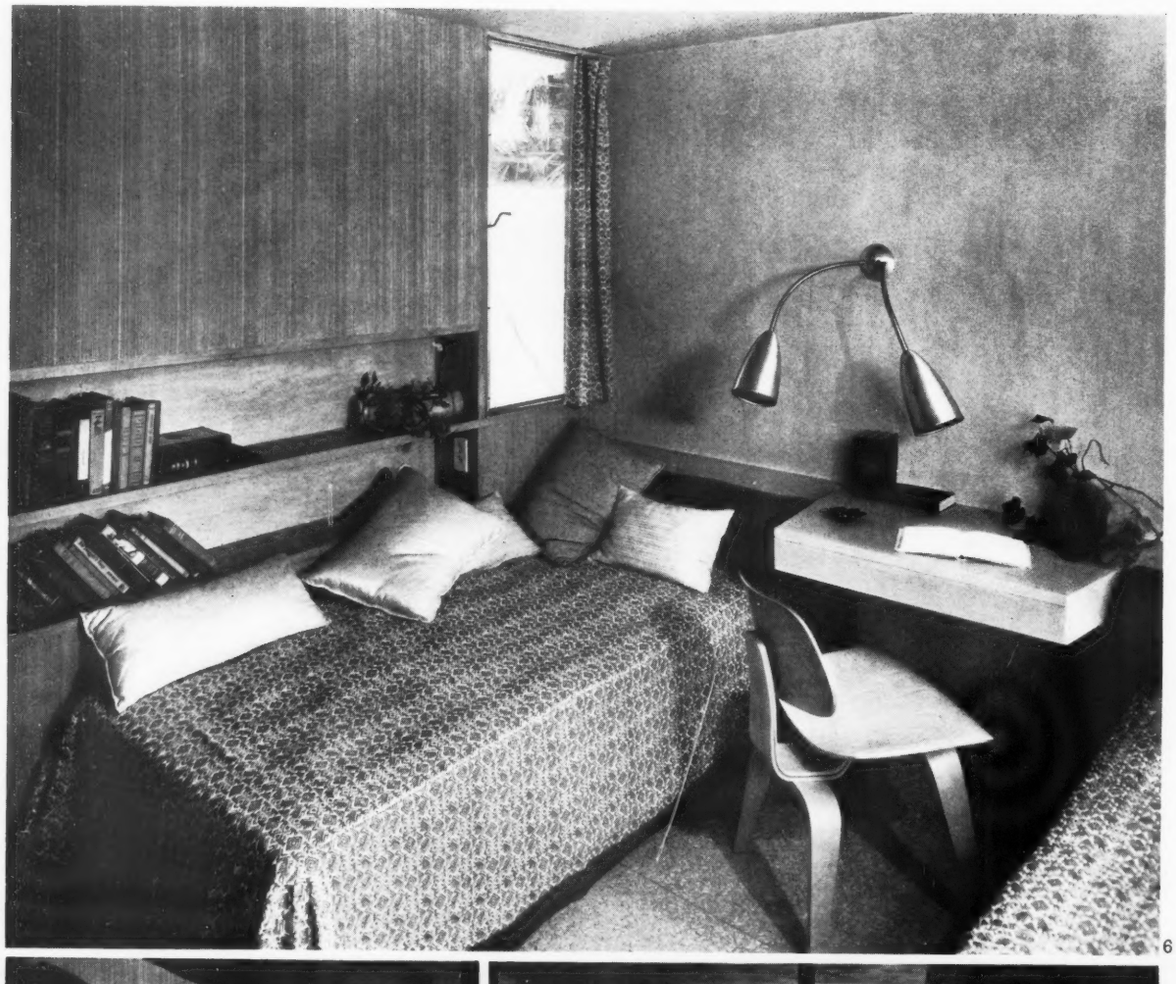
3

2, garage and drive, showing the glass screen of the patio. 3, interior of the patio, with the adjustable glass roof and protecting side screens in position.

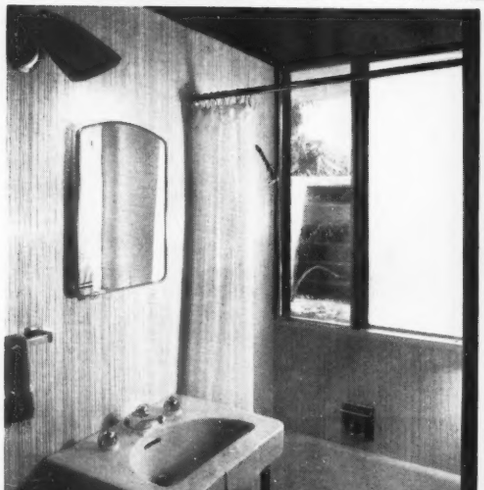
4

5

4, dining space in the living-dining room, with an adjustable glass louvre on the left of the large plate glass window. 5, the living-dining room, showing the copper hood over the fireplace, and the entrance to the kitchen.



6



7

8

6, bedroom, with built-in furniture of pine and cypress. 7, bathroom. 8, kitchen, showing the copper hood over the electric cooker, and built-in counters and shelves of cypress.

AUTOMATA and SIMULACRA

Barbara Jones

MAN'S OWN IMAGE concerns him very deeply. For thousands of years his conception of deity has generally been in human shape, glorified mainly by clapping on additional human attributes—supernumerary arms, legs, heads or strength and some of the more desirable animal specialities such as wings.

This preoccupation of man with himself—and how understandable it is, how fascinating we are—has of course moved in other directions. We have not only been the model for our own gods but also, except for some religious taboos (at least one of which holds strongly to-day) the most frequent model for the plastic arts, a distinction which has been maintained with happy pride for centuries; contemporary painting, though, shows signs of a certain weariness at long, long last.

Earlier examples of these representations of human life stressed ideals or ideas; they mirrored the desire of man to be bigger, better or at least rich. Only in isolated cases before the Renaissance did artists seem to be interested in the actual surface of man, though many must have possessed the power to delineate it realistically had they wished to do so. But behind the arts as practised and enjoyed by the cultivated, there remain always the vernacular arts, and in these the less sophisticated people work out of their minds the things that oppress or please them. Two subjects are pre-eminent, containing both emotions and linked themselves; horror, and, again, the counterfeiting of man.

Horror waits within oneself and walks in one's own image. The ghost of a tiger roaring blood is a less terrifying concept than the spectre of the gentlest human hand, while the headless horse and the silent coach rush through the night with less power to chill than the most shadowy ghost of the smallest child. A human figure stands perpetually behind each of us, and in solitude or in darkness moves into the margin of focus, but never stands square in sight. Those of us who are most afraid seek to exercise this figure by making its portrait, the horrid simulacra of man. Horror as a subject for fine art must have been contemplated by thousands of artists and discarded sadly by almost as many; it rarely comes off and few have persisted with it. The reason is probably the simple one that art is ultimately a matter of cold consideration and that, while exercising it, most artists gradually freeze the more electrifying passions out of their work altogether. Vernacular art, however, stops short before consideration is applied, so that though the æsthetic level is necessarily lower, the original impulse remains more clear. Frequently this impulse is horror, and among its many forms it takes on human shape with dreadful gusto, on clocks and roundabouts, under glass cases on the pier and in the drawing room, at the carnival and the waxwork show, and sitting on the ventriloquist's knees.

The most common form of simulacrum is a child's doll and the most complete, a waxwork. Dolls have been made ever since man made anything at all, from wood, clay and rags. Magnificent specimens used to be made from wax but these were always fragile and expensive like china ones to-day, were more intimidating and less loved. The variations are endless and ingenious, ranging from a life-size, sleeping and talking child with a large wardrobe to a manikin half an inch high, a slip of white china decorated only with a blob of black for hair. Dolls are on the whole too small to be very unpleasant until they are cracked or broken, but all the separate limbs, bodies and permanently smiling heads hanging in rows in a 'dolls' hospital' stir the same sensations as the larger images—they share their intention of being *like* and not the intention of fine art to interpret. So when dismembered they are distinctly startling.

Shut away from us by thick plate glass, purged of all fetishism by their isolation and their utility, stand the shop-window dummies. To-day mere approximations of humanity, maintaining in their smart wire and bamboo abstraction only just sufficiently correct proportions to display clothes elegantly, they have lost their simulacrahood almost entirely. But in provincial towns and small shops everywhere some fine specimens of late nineteenth and early twentieth century dummies may yet be seen, with wax heads, richly painted lips, glass eyes and real hair and eyelashes. The figures parading grey flannel suits for boys are especially good, adding to the usual attributes straight tatty hair yearly more unmanageable, stiff arms with little incurved wax hands, short, thick necks and painted socks and shoes.

Small shops that cannot afford to buy the large figures have instead cardboard figure-heads, flat cut-outs of life-size head-and-shoulders printed in full colours to represent precisely the waxy smile of the real thing. Clothes are hung on the shoulders as on coat-hangers.

Also utilitarian in purpose is the artists' lay-figure, a beautifully carved image made in various sizes from some hard wood such as box. It is hairless, naked, sexless and jointed where man is jointed. It will go into most non-acrobatic human attitudes with the important difference that it cannot slouch; any pose into which it is put will be held with a fully stretched spine. It can be dressed in anything the artist fancies, but is really much more fascinating to paint undraped.

No better carved than the lay-figure but made much more lifelike with paint is the ventriloquist's dummy, a figure now so stylized that it is not only almost always male, but also a schoolboy in an Eton jacket. His head rotates upon his shoulders, and rises in leering question out of his broad white collar at the will of his owner; his grinning lower jaw can be worked up and down in travesty of the movements of speech. The sound of speech comes from the throat of the human on whose knees he sits; it is shrill and yet unchildlike and the mouth uttering it is held still. This unnatural rigidity brings the man nearer to the image, and meantime his hand moves the dummy's head and jaw to enliven the carved wood. So man and manikin both reach to an unpleasant borderline between their states; which is on which side can become a problem if the performance is good enough. The dummy also receives the help of the script, which is a dialogue between a rather stupid man and an impertinent but intelligent child—the child has all the best lines.

The most complete projection of man's distrust of himself is the waxwork show, where hundreds of exquisitely perfect simulacra of every possible human type stand perpetually frozen so that we may stare ourselves out of countenance. Look long enough, and the figure just out of focus behind us may go away for ever.

Waxwork is even more chancy and uncertain than painting or sculpture as a medium for portraiture; neither an excellent subject nor great technical skill can be depended upon to produce a good effigy. One waxwork will be superb, as near to life as a mirror image, and the next one will be dead and rigid and weak. The good ones are much more pleasant to be with, for the stiff and waxy ones acquire in compensation their own nasty life and move a little in the corner of your eye. Waxworks in contemporary clothes move more than historical figures.

The use of life-masks for the heads has not proved satisfactory—a beautiful calm mask of Napoleon taken by Mme. Tussaud in 1801 still survives to prove that few sitters have the qualities necessary to success. So the waxwork starts with the modelling of a head in clay from photographs, to exact life measurements (if possible) taken with callipers. The neck is included and part of the shoulders if necessary and at least the front of the hair, because it is difficult to get a likeness without it, but when the head is as like as may be, the hair is taken away and the head surface made as smooth as the face. A piece-mould is made from the clay head exactly as for an ordinary portrait model. Then holes are pierced through the eyes so that when the mould is tied together cords can go through from the inside to pull up the eye-pieces; these are truncated cones of plaster whose smaller ends fit exactly over the mould surface of the eye-balls and so prevent the wax from filling in the eye. The hollow cast is taken with melted and tinted beeswax, and when it has set and been removed from the mould, the artist slips a hand up through the hollow neck and removes the eye-pieces from the inside. Glass eyes, of precisely the right size and colour, are placed in the empty sockets and then pads of cotton wool soaked in melted wax are carefully fixed behind the eyes. They stick to the wax of the head and hold the eyes firmly in position.

Hair can be put into the surface of the wax, where it sticks a good deal more firmly than it does in one's own head. The wax is warmed, or moistened with turpentine, and the hairs cut into the head one or two at a time, following the hairline and the direction of growth from photographs; if ordinary photographs are not clear enough, stereoscopic ones are used. Each strand of hair must go in so that it falls correctly into place; all waving must of course be done before the hair reaches the head, and an injudicious touch or two could clearly produce Strewelpeter on any head. On the model of a man, all the hair is inserted in this way; on a female head only the front and side hair is set in and the back is a wig, both hair and wig being very carefully matched to the

original for curl and colour.

The eyebrows are set in almost singly in the same way, but eyelashes are prefabricated—they are the hairs of paint-brushes stuck with wax on to a little semicircle of adhesive tape and curled with heat. When eyelashes are wanted, the inside of the semicircle is pared closely away, so that the lashes are left adhering to the thinnest possible curve of waxy tape. The under surface of the eyelid is then warmed with the heated tip of a metal tool and again wax sticks to wax.

The head is now beginning to look real, but the complexion is still shiny wax tinted to a colour which makes a rough and ready approximation to any and every skin. Now it receives the bloom of accurate paint—levigated powder-colour and water. It is put on with hog-hair brushes, and colour for the cheeks either goes on first to show through or is dusted dry on to the wet paint with larger, softer brushes. Then the surface is dabbed with flat hogs until it is quite dry. On all the male heads any area where the live man shaved is stippled all over with a little steel tool before painting. A moderately dark man then has some bluish colour brushed into the wet flesh-paint. A really very dark man has ink rubbed into the stippling as well. The last touch to the heads is some colour on the lips.

The body meanwhile has been made less exactly. Unless the portrait is to be of an athlete or a woman in evening dress or some similarly exposed person demanding larger areas of wax than head and hands, the body, arms and legs are synthesized in plaster, cast from moulds selected from a large collection giving a very wide choice of size and attitude, and then worked over until all the measurements tally with those of original. The legs are cast in with the body but one arm, if not both, will be detachable at the shoulder so the figure may be dressed. The plaster gets a protective coat of shellac and a final coat of flesh-colour as a last gesture. Hands are wax, and are cast from life. They are carefully painted like the heads. Clothes come when possible from the original of the portrait.

After a few months of public exhibition and daily dusting, the paint is soiled and shiny and dirt has settled in lines and hollows. The waxwork is dismantled and cleaned, the face washed and repainted. About halfway between the new, harsh, mat paint and the shiny days before regeneration, is a brief period when the wax attains its closest approach to flesh. Four or five waxworks are taken from Mme. Tussaud's each day at 6 a.m. They are back, furbished, by 10.

As well as the restoration of really permanent giants like kings, queens and murderers, a waxwork exhibition must continually discard such ephemera as famous footballers and other nations' ex-presidents. Their bodies, if more or less normal, go on to long racks for storage, like regimented mummy cases, a last repository of the last infirmity. Their hands are also occasionally classified and listed to serve another turn; but the heads are useless, and are resolved to wax and eyes again.

But before all this, while the figures are complete, coloured and curled, they make one of the most popular of all exhibitions. Many of the visitors will be from abroad or the provinces, but still the waxwork show is an obvious, an imperative holiday treat—'and then we can finish up at the Zoo or Madame Tussaud's'; this most primitive and unsophisticated entertainment is an institution. Thousands visit it every year, coming in from the noisy street to walk carefully round in a quite remarkable hush, a catacomb quiet imposed by the waxworks.

The Chamber of Horrors is not very much more unnerving than the motionless virtue upstairs. The staring stillness remains the most potent horror, though here the room is much smaller and the figures crowd much closer; if they did move, it would be harder to get away—never could it be a kindly action that any waxwork would move to perform.

So we have made a most elaborate dummy, crowned with real hair, stained with the most lifelike colours and dressed in our own clothes; but however well it is made, the figure is nearer to death than to life, motionless unless obviously moved by hand like a puppet or a ventriloquist's doll. Pygmalion has made many attempts to animate his Galatea but unluckily so far nothing sufficiently soft yet strong, firm yet elastic, has been discovered perfectly to counterfeit flesh, and the image-maker must choose for movement between a convincing but fragile figure that moves only a little and a more robust robot that has sacrificed a great deal of verisimilitude, to gain its jerky life. Clockwork or electricity has been used to animate waxworks, but only in such minor movements as breathing. France and Austria have produced the best automata; individual works of wonderful craftsmanship, which can conjure, talk, play cards or chess, sing, dance or answer questions, but we have our consolations in England at the seaside and at the fair.

We have already seen the cast-iron glass cases lining the pier*—let us now look closely inside them, at their terrible little automatic world. Here is a football match. Thirteen iron men in dusty red knitted jerseys face thirteen iron men in blue ones. They are large enough to pack the field of play very tightly and they glare wildly forward. Each is supported on only one leg and the other can jerk forward. Two pennies go into the slots, a steel ball comes down into play and each of two human rivals controls by means of a chromium plated lever the fortunes of one team. He presses the lever down and the free iron legs shoot simultaneously forward; the floor is so made that the ball runs towards the feet and one of them is sure to succeed in driving the ball forward. Back it comes from the rivals and back again, until at last it gets into one of the goals. Then the winner gets his penny back. The surest way to win is not to wait for the ball to come over and settle before kicking, but to bash the lever constantly up and down so that the little legs are never still.

The machine next door delivers your fortune; the case is very large and contains the upper half of a life-size wax model of a gipsy, dressed down to the waist in green and orange spangled satin which tucks unpleasantly under the severed trunk. In the hands are cards. A penny in the slot in the front of the case will cause a printed card to be ejected bearing your character or your luck—'Your Hand denotes a rather masterful nature, haughty, and prefer to be a master than a servant. Sincere in all you undertake. Music, medium.' Sometimes the figure moves its hands as if picking out your special card, sometimes the lower jaw works up and down as if dictating, the machine makes a clattering noise, and the fortune comes out newly printed on ticker-tape. This is most impressive.

Gathered in a group in one of the pier pavilions are the tableaux pseudo-vivants and the story-tellers. Unhappy marriage, ghostly discomfort, and death by hanging are here the favoured themes. Marriage is in three pictures, inside a house whose whole façade consists of three doors. When the penny goes in, the first door opens in a series of little jerks (jerks, indeed, colour the whole action of all the little tableaux, and keep them blessedly unlifelike). Inside, a miserable little husband is seen peeling potatoes, being beaten by a rather larger wife, and quietening twins.

Lastly we come to 'the Guillotine.' The case displays the front of a grey prison with spikes along the walls and three big brown gates. A penny opens these gates in turn. First we see the confession, behind the left-hand one, the condemned man listening to the exhortations of a vehemently gesticulating priest. On the right, the prisoner in a little white shirt moves to the door of his cell surrounded by warders; this is called 'The Procession.' Behind the central door stands the guillotine where the prisoner is kneeling with his head below the knife. The priest gestures once more, a number of heads wag, an official pulls a cord and down comes the knife and off the head, slick as a whistle. This machine is a best-seller.

The puppet, or marionette, is a half-way image between automaton and simulacrum. It is a jointed figure, anything up to half life-size, usually made of wood, and moved by strings or wires fastened to head, shoulders, hands and knees. There is rarely any attempt to add movement to the face, but this is entirely unnecessary, as a skilled manipulator, standing above the stage with the strings attached to a little frame in his hands, can move the marionettes across the stage of their theatre to express a remarkable range of emotion. Character is fixed on the face, as in the human model.

Glove puppets have no strings, no body and no legs, but the head and arms are attached to the top of a loose 'glove'—a gown-shaped bag of fabric—and the fingers and thumb of the operator slip up inside them and can then wag or twist the head and move the arms about. One glove-puppet theatre remains triumphantly traditional and can still be found at fairs and the seaside—the Punch and Judy Show. The costumes are Commedia del Arte via the English early nineteenth century theatre, and the whole script and action has hardly changed, though something must have been lost here and there as part of the plot is jerky. Needless to say it is a violent plot and much concerned with death and hanging. Punch and Judy exhibit in little the determination of English pantomime and bank-holidays to change sex or its characteristics whenever possible—Punch squeals viciously in a high falsetto while his wife Judy retains the puppet-master's natural bass.

No sooner were mechanical clocks invented than figures began to walk around them in procession at the hours or to stand on a little platform nearby, hitting out the quarters on a bell. Much ingenuity, especially in Germany, was put into these clocks, one town vying with another in the manufacture of ever more elaborate mechanism and charming or alarming figures. To-day, however, clock-jacks seem to be an entirely neglected art; they have been stifled by the innumerable voices of the cuckoos that spring in such numbers from Switzerland.

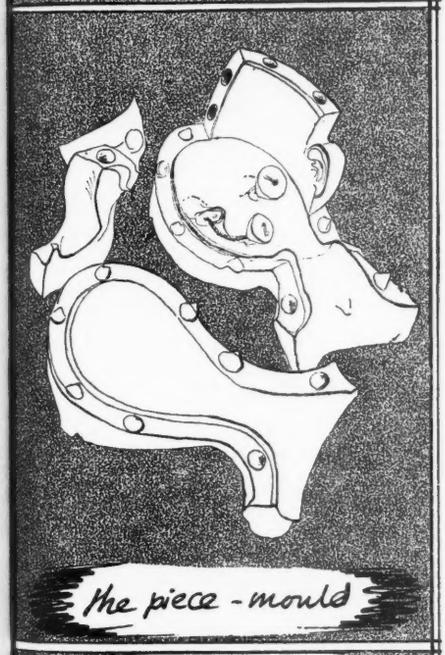
The most melodious cuckoo is unfortunately outside our subject, but there is one animal so like man that its reproduction as an automaton makes a nice sidetrack; as a logical development from the singeries that decorated so many eighteenth century walls and books, images of monkeys used to be made, standing erect and dressed as men or women (usually in oriental clothes) and performing a pea-and-thimble trick or playing on a hurdy-gurdy. They can still be found, standing in unfaded satin glory under their glass cases, a disquieting double echo.

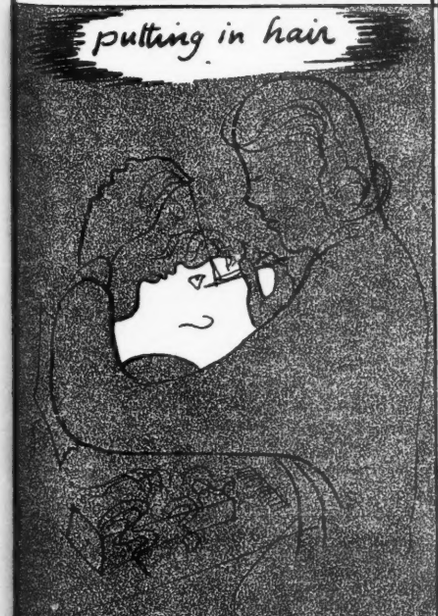
The organs on roundabouts are flanked by automata who pretend to play instruments and do sometimes beat on little drums.* A central figure may conduct the playing of the others. Standing staring in the noise and movement of a fair-ground, they create a

* THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW, June, 1947.

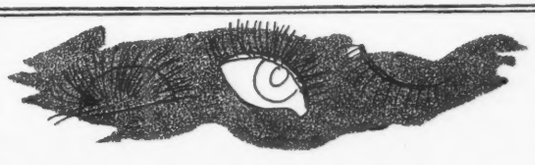
* THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW, February, 1945.

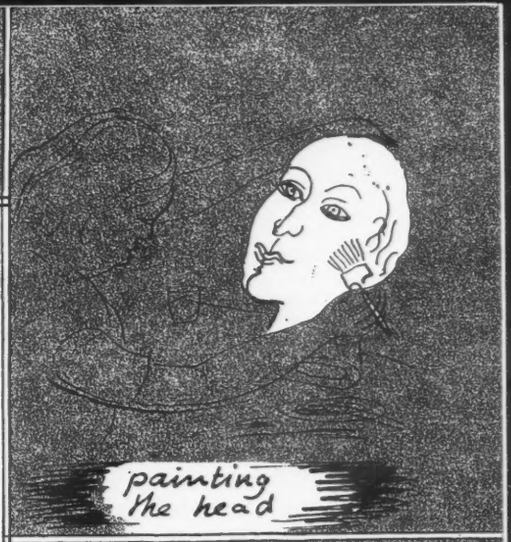
MAKING A WAXWORK

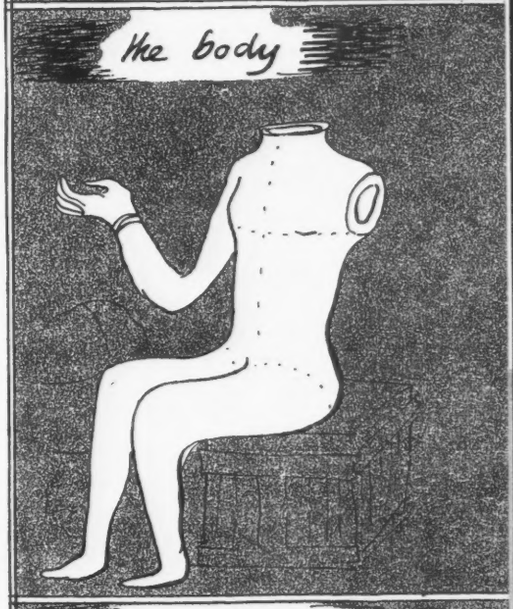


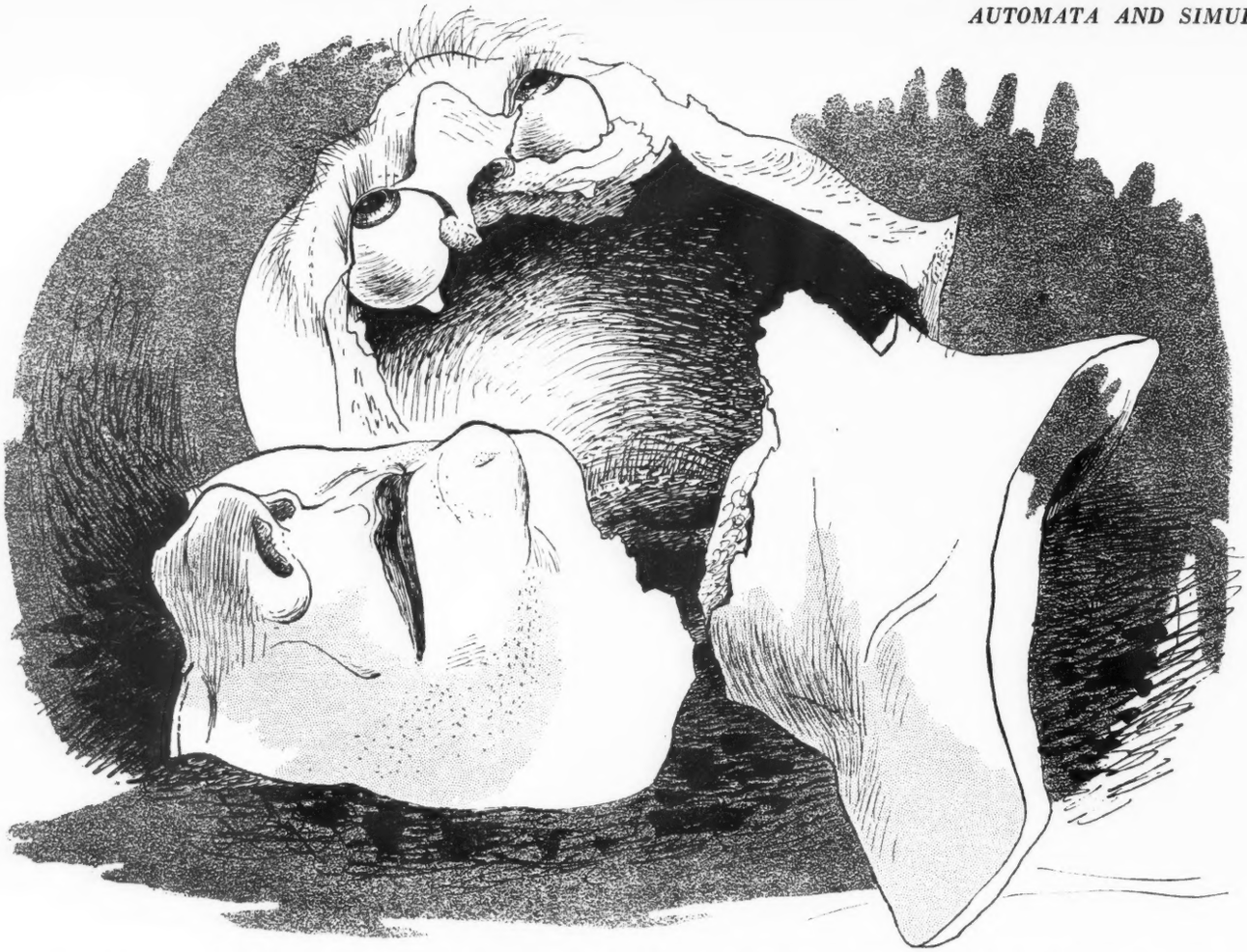


The waxwork figure begins its life as a head modelled in clay. Photographs are used, and exact life measurements taken (whenever possible) with callipers. The neck is included and also, temporarily, the front of the hair, as this assists in getting an accurate likeness; when a satisfactory resemblance is obtained the hair is removed. A piece-mould is made from the clay head, exactly as for an ordinary portrait model. Holes are pierced in the eye sockets for cords, which draw conical plaster eye-pieces into position when the mould is closed; these prevent the eye-spaces filling with wax. A hollow cast is taken from the mould with tinted beeswax. The eye-pieces are then removed and are replaced by glass eyes, kept firmly in place with pads of wax-impregnated cotton wool. Hairs are fixed singly in the wax of the head, which is warmed and moistened with turpentine; they remain fixed very firmly indeed by this method; the hairline and direction of growth are followed from photographs. Eyebrows are also set in one at a time, but eyelashes are prefabricated and affixed all at once. The head is completed by careful painting and tinting, and the touches necessary for an exact colour portrait are supplied. While the head is under construction, the body is being made much less exactly. In most cases standard trunks and limbs, made and stored in a wide range of size and type, are selected and assembled. These are made of plaster, and one arm is left detached to facilitate dressing the figure. Hands are made of wax, usually cast from life, and are tinted and finished with the same care as the heads. Whenever possible, clothes belonging to the original of the figure are used. This of course only applies to the new figures, which are constantly added to such an exhibition as Mme. Tussaud's. If an historical figure is made, the clothes are reconstructed from contemporary evidence. No pains are spared. The dullest English monarchs, kings and queens whose names stir not the faintest echo in the passers' minds, are still, for some reason, popular exhibits, and are magnificently dressed. Everyone looks carefully at each king, feeling that it would be impolite to ignore one of them, but real interest begins with the Tudors; Henry VIII stirs more emotions than Hitler. The choice of subjects at Mme. Tussaud's is endlessly fascinating, reflecting a nineteenth-century viewpoint both educational and popular. Certainly, for so out-moded an entertainment continually to draw so many visitors, the selection must reflect the public's taste, however coloured by Tussaud personality. Here, we clearly see, are the fields where we must strive if we would be famous; we must be king, murderer, churchman or writer for permanent glory; a sportsman, public entertainer, statesman or foreign dictator may earn a few waxy, glass-eyed years of notoriety; but on no account whatever should we try to be a musician, a scientist or a painter. There isn't a single one in the house. Here is T. E. Lawrence, but not Sir Christopher Wren; Captain Scott but not Constable; Danny Kaye, Gordon Richards, Joe Louis; but not Lister, Pasteur or Curé. All the religious Johns are here, Knox, Calvin and Wesley; the religious group is, indeed, enormous. Murder would seem to be the best bet, however; you have only to commit a nice bloody trunk murder to achieve the Chamber of Horrors; and the Chamber of Horrors costs an extra sixpence.









RECOVERY OF A WAXWORK. The process of smashing up a head, removing the glass eyes and melting down the wax is known as 'recovery'. Above, the head is tapped over the left temple with a hammer and instantly cracks across the line of the lower eyelids. The whole face falls away, leaving the glass eyes staring in the top of the head, below. These are expensive and so are removed and sorted into little trays. When there are enough discarded heads, the wax is melted down again. The hair and colour sink to the bottom of the pot. The drawings are of a football star, half recovered.

frozen little area of stillness, but if they were placed in their pastel-coloured dairy-maid and Ruritanian clothes beside any of the other figures at which we have been looking, they would seem compact of sweetness and light, nearer to art than to nature, less likely to move unaided.

But all these automata are simple ones, performing perhaps two or three rather stilted movements; the art has decayed, and is confined to the production of certain sorts of figures doing certain simple things. Gone are the days when men of science would spend years making automata who could write, with a quill pen and most elegant calligraphy, any sentence set for them within a limited number of words, following the movement of the pen with the eyes and breathing naturally. After almost two hundred years the masterpieces of Robert-Houdin and Jaquet-Droz can still perform, play the piano, write a letter or draw a portrait. Here to end with is a description of an eighteenth century group: 'Sur une base de bois marqueté repose un socle en cuivre fondu et ciselé. . . . Une jeune femme costumé à l'orientale, assise sur un sofa tiens une boîte de serinette; à sa droite un négrillon l'abrite de son parasol. Sur un perchoir, un oiseau est posé et fait face à sa maîtresse. La musicienne tourne la manivelle de son instrument et joue un air; celui-ci achevé, l'oiseau le répéte, mais d'une manière très inexacte, après quoi les deux personages tournent et hochent la tête, semplant faire des reproches à l'élève pour sa leçon mal apprise. L'air est répété par la serinette, et cette fois, l'oiseau, instruit et savant, le chant parfaitement en s'agitant de ses mouvement coutumiers, pendant que le gracieux professeur et son serviteur l'approuvent par de nombreux gestes.'

Alas, an 'automatic' is now a gun.

SULLIVAN AGAINST THE WORLD

On June 8 Frank Lloyd Wright celebrates his eightieth birthday. He is at last not without official honour in his own country, having just been awarded the gold medal of the American Institute of Architects. He is demonstrating his apparent immunity from old age by continuing to design as energetically as ever and by producing a new book Genius and the Mobocracy, *which will be published this month by Duell, Sloane and Pearce. Below the* REVIEW *prints one chapter from it in advance. The chapter is called 'Truth Against the World' and is a tribute to Louis Sullivan. "Not having so much to be humble about," says Frank Lloyd Wright, "I have tried—with honest arrogance—to describe the tragedy, triumph, and significance of the great man who invariably signed himself Louis H. Sullivan; to tell you why I, though never his disciple—nor that of any man—called him 'lieber-meister.' His own beautiful drawings . . . are better testimony than any I could offer in words. He had been dating the drawings (some wrongly but who really knows?) and as he put the collection of a hundred or more into my hands he said with a questioning look—I can see his glance as I write—'Frank, you will be writing about these some day?'*

'Yes, lieber-meister, I will.'

And I remember that, in his weakness, he seemed relieved and pleased. These drawings were the dearest treasure of his heart and this book is the true story of a personal experience now necessary to put on the record, no more for his sake than for my own, because the historical view of each where the other is concerned is getting so badly out of focus that only I can right it. I meant to write not as *the disciple I never was, nor the pupil he never wanted, but write as the capable workman who understood (that is to say, loved) the man he served—a man who loved him in return. From me should come appreciation of the master's work as the master himself saw his own work and as I saw him."*

> If there be a poet possessed of knowledge without bias—an old Welshman free from perverseness—let him answer me.—*Taliesin, Bard of Britain.*

form follows function Form follows function? Well . . . this simple fact basic to ecologist, physicist, biologist, and almost any other 'ist' except the artist, has by way of discipleship to derivatives, devotees, and exploiters been razed to the level of mere dogma. The latest effects of the already trite cliché appeared as novel at the Museum of Modern Art about 1932. As this phrase was then used, we had but the latest camouflage of the old shopworn formula, 'Art for art's sake.' But, as said in the foreword to which this afterword is corollary, the old dogma—streamlined now—got into circulation over a hurdle of names: 'cubist,' 'futurist,' 'purist,' and finally 'internationalist.' No doubt, more names are coming. Out of the European cubo-purist or puro-cubist the modernists profess to have come into the architecture called modern—soon dubbed 'internationalist.' They were thrown in with me. Or vice versa? All, originally, were minor European mirror-sects leading into or out of one bauhaus until finally, having a cart but no horse, the new slogan 'form follows function' was picked up here to be used for a horse over there. Three-dimensional ideology was thus, soon by other painter-sects, degraded to sectarianism in the obvious patterns of the ever useful stencil. Instead of the new depth, another two-dimensional affair had arrived, actually no more architecture than a painter's stencil would be. But it became another æstheticism when discovered by the provincial 'art elite' in our country. Call this elite the favoured academic arbiters of our industrialism; of our upper haves-and-holders tending naturally, then as now, toward fascism. This elite immediately saw the stencil as the latest style and easy to use for prefabricated teaching. As promptly, the universities (advance guardians of the æsthetic and mental phases

of our mass-produced imitation of a culture) imported more of it, professionalized its adoption by putting it into armchairs, and adapted its too easy (easy because superficial) advantages. Easy to learn, a cliché (or stencil) is quite as easy to forget. But nevertheless because individuality—innate sensibility—was sufficiently left out of the affair to make further academic conscription of youth quite safe (perhaps therefore), it was a great educational convenience. So, its nature not yet fully comprehended, collegiate mass-consumption of a definitely undemocratic pattern was begun in our universities and museums. It is going on there yet.

As a matter of course, to be an expedient is in the nature of what the stencil is. So in our country the stencil was soon regarded by 'higher education'—itself one—as ideal. It was seen to be sufficiently 'depersonalized' (to use their word for de-individualized) to be regarded as 'safe'; that is to say, not sufficiently alive to be dangerous to handle or hard to teach. Nor is it yet clear to academic authority that the slogan, 'form follows function,' thus made available to negation by abnegation, was originally derived from a home-made affirmation of renunciation which subsequently returned to us from abroad a deformed, and so probably dangerous, import.

Now, for the sake of argument, let's again say that 'form does follow function.' Well . . . so does the sun rise to-morrow morning; so every bright has its dark, just as night is but a shadow cast by the sun. In all physical Nature form follows function! That is the simple fact. But too many misty cults for prestidigitators of fine-art 'movements' are already fashioned of similar simples—without due reference to their spiritual significance in Nature—for it to be ethical to let these too numerous stencilites, so recently and readily made, get away with another at expense to organic architecture.

Louis H. Sullivan would have been first to gleefully kick these self-styled functioneers—with their 'A house is a machine for living' (but only if a human heart is a suction pump)—from his doorstep. In so far as his doorstep was mine I did it myself when they appeared with their dead-sea fruit, 'the whited-sepulchre' (call it the flat-bosomed façade), at the Museum of Modern Art about 1932. But the affair was then far behind-hand. So far behind, indeed, that where useful negation was implied it was definitely recorded by myself in so many words in the Architectural Record of February 1906 and in the many buildings which I had, by that time, designed and built. How did this fact also escape detection by 'the authorities'—our own proprietary museums and learned educationists—when in 1910 it went so widely abroad as to be actually international to-day? Except by the circumstances peculiar to the posterior concept of culture as habitual from abroad it cannot be explained. Let us then blame the lack of vision and wisdom in the circumstances on the cross-eyed view, or jargon, and receive the return of the prodigal with a welcome proper to the wayward.

For any wanton sect to understand Louis H. Sullivan at all is to know that not then was he, nor ever would he be, for any such. His greatness for all lies in that at heart and in deed he was the great, human lyric poet whose creation out of himself of the poetic efflorescence of Louis H. Sullivan—great individual—was unique. Of course, he is best seen where happiest—seen in what he loved best: the primal plastic. Clay.

Although seeming at times a nature-ism (his danger), the idea is there: *of* the thing not *on* it; and therefore Sullivanian self-expression contained the elements and prophesied organic architecture. To look down upon such efflorescence as mere 'ornament' is disgraceful ignorance. We do so because we have only known ornament as self-indulgent excrescence ignorantly *applied* to some surface as a mere prettification. But, with the master, 'ornament' was, like music, a matter of the soul—'of' the nature of man—inevitable to him: (natural) as leaves on trees or any fruit announced by the blossoms on the stems that carry both. It was this man that Louis H. Sullivan was and felt himself to be, that he expected me to write about some day: a far greater man than the functionalist he has been wishfully and wilfully made to appear.

Actually ignorant of the proper depth of the word *Nature* as a term of the spirit, so-called internationalists dedicated the bare box to the machine god regardless and threw him in with it. These flat boxes on stilts—to further emphasize contrast to Nature (and ignorance of her quality)—were painted white to further mark aloofness not only to Nature but to man. This factish, leftish derivation of the old dictum, 'Art is art precisely in that it is not Nature,' by wrongly interpreting the word Nature, utterly betrayed the master's poetic sense. The third dimension which Sullivanian ornament prophesied never entered with the worshippers of 'next-to-nothing' into their shrine, the whited sepulchre. When they do refer to 'Nature,' they deny truth by fact.

Where they build we have no place for a real man to live in unless he be purged of his own individuality. Just as in fascism we have submission of the man to exterior authority, so in this latest conventionalizing of fascist import, growing more and more mechanistic in concept and grasp, we have but a 'sec.' A dry next-to-nothing instead of quite something.

But negations are by nature dry. We do have a form of 'restatement' of the negation of the Larkin Building, 1906, to use in the new architecture (but not to live with) in this rebottled old formula: 'Art for art's sake'; in other words, a revival of the old formula, 'Art is art precisely in that it is not Nature.' But wholesome rejection of this certificate of divorce from Nature now posing as artistic 'contrast' is our present need. Failing to match a given sample the clerk is trained to say, 'Then, madam, how would you like a contrast.' Concerning these old dictums, we see in them all this childish (not childlike) *misuse of the word Nature*, the use of the word as mere fact instead of a great truth, and in that misuse lies the basis for every negative sect: the expedient excuse for the architect's 'Then, madam, how would you like a contrast?' The proper use of the word Nature, as *the innate character of anything or everything*, would not only void such underdone (or overdone) abstraction in the future but be useful as the spiritual cathartic necessary in times so badly underdone or overstuffed as ours.

All but a few of these negativities seem to be—or once were—painters making their advent into architecture regardless of the dignity, difficulty, and profound character of the third dimensions of actual experience in structure; therefore—no sure foundation for a new æsthetic in architecture. To bring architecture alive again as the great mother-art, negation has had its place. But its place is no longer creative. The time for affirmation is now. Nor can architecture thrive on the present. If not dated at least a decade ahead, it is born to be and stay behind its time.

Abuses notwithstanding, we must learn to use the word Nature in the proper romantic (or integral) sense of the word. Its proper use becomes indispensable if we would be free ourselves and put the true spiritual use of the word organic into the use of our language.

In this ultra-materialist era our life in Usonia needs the word used in real sense to develop honest culture of our own, or we go dry. Sap fails the graft. To take advantage of our excessive advantages our culture must be based upon decentralization and not on the major and minor axes of any grandomaniac past or modern pig-pile. Our architecture will then be in the reflex; monarchic major and minor axes no longer dominating our lives by way of any revival of any kind of 'classicism,' we have a chance to become a democracy. But I do not mean that organic reality—a spiritual concept—will ever degenerate to the merely realistic. The distinctions between real and realistic—between sentiment and sentimentality—between truth and fact are as important as those between the curious and the beautiful or between science and art.

To illustrate: a great sculptor, Michael Angelo (painter), ignorant of the depth-dimensions of good construction, visualized and isolated high up in air the great masonry arch we architects call a dome. The painter—as a matter of course—provided no more to take the inevitable thrust of the mighty arched masonry-mass than the plain air over a series of tall slender upended stilts (call them columns) set up around beneath the outer rim of the great arch. The structure had to be bound with a great iron chain at a crucial moment or all would have come to the ground. Inorganic (as might be expected), this gorgeous '*tour de force*' of the painter was extraordinarily picturesque. And perhaps this rape of the arch by the picture was so extremely successful because, for most of the time before the great Angelo and totally, except for music and painting, for about five hundred years, the 'Renaissance' had all but destroyed, in favour of symbolism, any integrity—that is to say, any true inner significance of architecture as sublimated structure.

How 'the picture' has damaged architecture! Such pretentious artificiality as architecture had in Buonarroti's time has now got to go. Prevalent fashions in exterior symbolism already becoming less relevant came with a rush to fill the gap made as architecture became empty '*tour de force*.' We now see the dome as a symbol of authority all over the world. Cultural decline has gone so far 'sky-dome' by the time in which I write, the Capitol at Washington for an instance, that perhaps only some such *tour de force* could be 'extraordinarily successful.' The expressions of the exterior mask aided by symbolism, the long period of the rebirths of the rebirth (history calls the rebirth the Renaissance), were in this respect similar to our own period: they were going empty of Nature significance.

Organic quality in things natural to man and the earth supporting him, though likely to be miraculous, are not necessarily 'mystic' and should have been less extraordinary in the thought-world of that time: a world then not yet so degenerate. But as thought (organic) was almost as rare in that day as it is in ours, the great Italian painter's rape of the arch by picture is still sensational. This ponderous anachronism styled (shall we say 'streamlined') by Michael Angelo still flourishes as the symbol of authority among us so many centuries later. But now this masonry symbol is simulated—imitated—by casting iron plates in the image of the original masonry arch and bolting the iron plates securely together. The chain thus crept up to supplant the dome.

Thus—the dome is a heresy. Throw in the pilaster, column-capital, and cornice—all now Western, advertising to the world a total lack of fundamental integrity in architecture all down the line, and you will see the triumph not only of the artificial symbol of authority but the ascendancy of temporal authority over the principles of democracy. With this new integrity which we call the 'third dimension' (call the third 'depth') in mind—and—yes—you *are* on the way to a fourth dimension; headed for dimensions at will. Structural integrity seems even more than ever absent from the so-called modern architecture of our national scene. Is this because the third dimension inevitable to organic structure has so defied the camera eye (or the glass eye of the classicist) that it has also defied, or is derided, by the flat vision of our stencilists? Their sentimental worship of the Greeks would so indicate. Nevertheless the sense of *depth* which we are here calling the third dimension—a spiritual quality that cannot be forced but must be wooed—marries the building to human life and weds both to the ground. Architecture in this deeper sense is not formidable but is truly fundamental to democracy. We will find the democratic home to be integral part of the man himself, placed upon his own share of earth, and building there a hearth he can call his own and look himself in the face. To that prophetic expression of himself man must cling for salvation in the heedless voracity of this epidemic, machine-mad, money-power era. No posterior cliché for building that sidesteps to evade or contradict the Nature of man as a noble integral feature of his native and natural environment can flourish to-day if we are to survive as a democratic people. No stencil-*ist* or any ist—even the artist—has power to realize this primal element of organic character in a building, that character seen as individuality. Negation, when habitual, is so soon lifeless—too soon a standardization leading to utter mediocrity. Stagnation. Stagnate architecture—the mother-art—and stagnation will go on into all branches of all the great arts and the great arts are the heart of our civilized life. Then life lies—where? We cannot live on science.

Timely building no less than timely man must be courageously affirmative! Affirmation is infinitely more difficult than negation. Affirm the truth that great building must become great art—innate living-feature of man's environment as bees, trees, or flowers are of his earth; say that a great building must be a great natural: a reality for man—not realistic or a contrast but affirmative as man himself is in true democracy. If the modern man in Usonia is to enjoy culture true to his own time and to this democratic ideal of freedom, our buildings must be groundlings. They may dramatize what and as they please, but only the good ground can give validity to the drama; give it by loving the building. Any cliché hates the ground. So the ground hates the cliché.

Ideas are also manifestations of Nature.

If democracy prevails among nations then, within this ideal of the ideal we call an organic architecture, the culture of each and every country must 'grow its own.' Democracy, likewise, must be *grown*. Its culture especially cannot live very long on the prohibition or negation. Neither democracy nor organic architecture can ever be enforced.

Instead of the trite fact of the dogma, 'form follows function,' in order to be truly significant of the master's thought let us learn the dramatic truth that '*form and function are one*,' recognizing what the phrase means when we use it. It means that a *building can only be functional when integral with environment and so formed in the nature of materials according to purpose and method* as to be a living entity true each in all to all: no small order. But, thus believing, we will gradually learn to express and expand the thought of the great lyric poet—that was Louis H. Sullivan. His end is not yet. By deference and implication we will then go far to prevent a slogan, already a decadent dogma, from disastrous encroachment upon our native gifts.

> The laws of GOD are to be read in the laws of Nature. Only love of truth can restore to us the liberties we have lost.

the ground reiteration So, wherever the practice of architecture to-day rises to the dignity of an idea in harmony with place and time, independent of ism, ist, or ite, the origin of that practice is middle-West to our courageous national experiment in freedom and stems from one, Louis H. Sullivan—beginning about 1889.

Since fascist-tainted propaganda for a style suited to authority began in our museums and universities some twenty years ago, I have foreseen ultimate issue between architecture thus made useful to academic authority, easy to teach, and architecture natural to our needs as a democratic people—to be inspired but not taught—and so of slow growth. To lighten the mystery of this unintelligible world we need architecture communicative of an ideal flowing from individual to individual, not as formalism but in the reflex as innate individuality. Only so inspired to become fit abode for the soul of man, will our buildings ever rise above the shed, a bogus palace, the flat-bosomed façade, or some monument authority builds to honour authority—and this nation learn to build as a free democracy.

All 'ites' and 'isms,' especially individualisms, invalidate individuality. Without exception they are making and can only make façades suited to dictatorial power. We have seen in the provincial imitations of imported point, line, and plane nothing organic, but a modernism: degeneracy grasping for salvation by the kind of machine worship that brings man himself to the level of machines. Nature herself covets and cherishes variety and dreads reiteration unqualified. She goes to great lengths to achieve infinite variety. There is something sinister for the living in the beating of the drum. Unrelieved, it is the song of death.

Although the building may be a piece of property, by now our modern society should be so far developed as to realize that an architect's work is the noblest of all utilities and should be of the very texture, substance, and spirit of our own culture. Though his art is most basic and profound of all the great arts, at the same time architecture is the great art least understood in modern times. Not until democracy really learns to build unconcerned with a style—a style is reiteration—but build inspired by the Nature of style itself will our culture develop architecture or even men able to comprehend it. The camera-eye of science is too flat. The fact is not the truth.

Therefore, because this affair of the third dimension is less objective than subjective—thickness seen as depth being a matter as difficult in words as a fourth dimension would be in our present mathematics—this belated book may not be easy to read. When our culture is our own it will contain the vocabulary necessary to that architecture freshly conceived—disciplined from *within* by principle.*

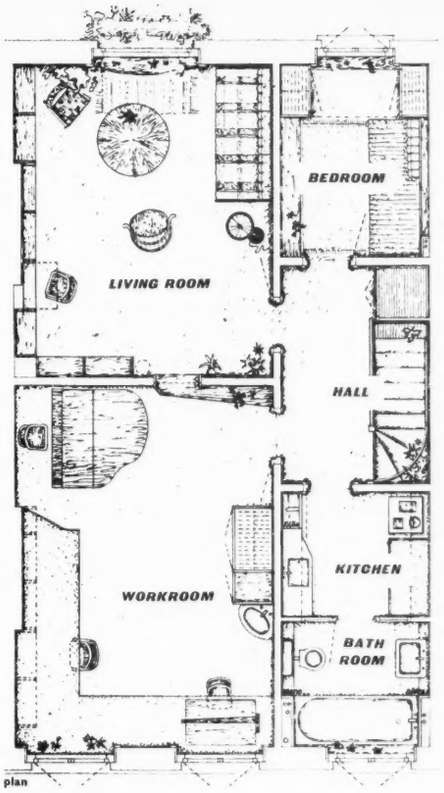
This book is a graph, it is true—neither biograph nor autobiograph but a combination of both. There on its pages is the work-life of a great master and the pencil in his hand—myself. You will find no concern with architecture in two dimensions fashioned like some brass hat for the head to supplant a natural head of hair, but architecture in the depth-dimension that is completely integral: of and natural to the nature of the circumstance. Organic architecture is therefore the growth in space of an idea—a state of mind proceeding by the natural science of structure in the use of materials to the splendid, appropriate art of form: form true to purpose. Furthermore it is the art of building wherein æsthetic and construction not only approve but prove each other. In organic sense such building is an entity of the human spirit as that of any tree or flower is of the ground. A natural, human circumstance—possible only to the complete architect. There will never be too many of him. He is master of the elements: earth, air, fire, light, and water. Space, motion, and gravitation are his palette: the sun his brush. His concern is the heart of humanity. He, of all men, must see into the life of things; know their honour.

* The Japanese, their culture nearest of all peoples to Nature, use words like:

Edaburi—the habit-pattern of procedure from stem to leaf to bud to blossom and to fruit—what it is that makes, say, the pine tree a pine as distinguished from a cherry tree or an oak. They say it with a word.

Shibui—a subjective quality at first repellent in a work of art, but for some reason you are impelled to go back for a second look, begin to see something you missed . . . go back to be fascinated by extraordinary beauty. They say it in a word.

Notan—the nearest translation is the Italian word *chiaroscuro*—but *notan* is not only shading, but the swelling or fading of the tint on something that is itself. Saying so we do not convey the subtle integral effect that is *notan*.



plan

FLAT IN KENSINGTON

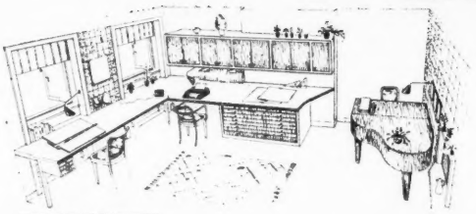
TAYLER AND GREEN: ARCHITECTS

This small London flat is for a single professional man. Much of the furniture is by the architects, as most of the standard products available were unsuitable, and it is all easily removable. To increase the effect of spaciousness, all doors were rehung to fold against walls.

living room Enlargement of the actual opening of the existing window was not permitted, but the wood casements were replaced by a horizontally pivoted single-pane window. A long wall fitting consists of eight separate removable pinewood units with adjustable shelves—containing bookshelves, radio, writing desk, etc. The small serving hatch, with mahogany roller shutter, is used for cinema shows, cross ventilation, the framing of vistas, as well as for its normal function. The adjustable dining table is in maple, sycamore, rosewood and mahogany, with a polished brass base; chairs are beech and birch; the settee-bed is Cuban mahogany and bamboo. Upholstery is mainly green, and the sun-blind is striped white, yellow, green and brown. Wallpaper is

1 living room, showing the redesigned window, with the hanging wall fitting left.

white, rough-textured and contains wood shavings. Metalwork is brass and paintwork is white throughout the flat, and, except for kitchen, bathroom and workroom all floors are covered with fitted grey carpet. **hall** The wallpaper is white, with a pattern of red, brown and yellow. A linen cupboard and the balustrade are of polished mahogany and Swedish pine; doors are birch.



perspective of living room

2,3 the circular dining table in the living room is in maple, sycamore, rosewood and mahogany; the base is polished brass; the height is adjustable. 2, in its lowest position. 3, raised for a meal. 4, dining space in living room, with the hanging wall fitting, and serving hatch in use.

4

5 the living room, which is capable of many interesting arrangements according to the particular needs of the occupant. Below, 6, the settee bed for accommodating occasional guests.

bedroom This has a daytime use as a sitting-room. Clothes cupboards of mahogany and pine are built in on either side of the window, and a small wall cupboard serves as a dressing table. The walls are covered with a rough-textured white paper. Grey tweed is used for the bed cover, and the cushion is brown and white.

workroom This has a secondary use as a guest room ; a wardrobe and washbasin are fitted. The walls are covered partly with a rough-textured white paper, and partly

6

7 another arrangement of the living room.

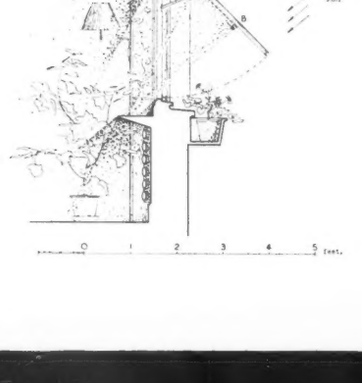
8 writing desk in the all purpose wall fitting.

9

10

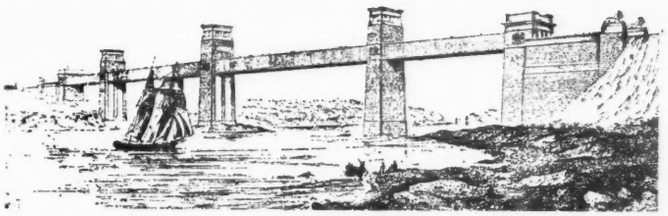
11

9, the head of the entrance staircase in the hall, showing the linen cupboard and balustrade of polished mahogany and Swedish pine. 10, kitchen. 11, bedroom.



with polished dark brown cork tiles; these tiles serve for pinning up drawings and as a sound absorbent material when the piano is used. The linoleum is speckled grey and white; the blinds are striped green and white; the rug is red and yellow. Table tops are covered with terra-cotta linoleum, edged with mahogany; cupboards and drawers are polished pine; the piano is rosewood; chairs are polished birch.

kitchen Everything is within reach of a person standing; below the table is a stool, and a trolley is kept beneath the sink. The floor is covered with terra-cotta linoleum; the sink is stainless steel and the electric cooker grey vitreous enamel. The table top is mahogany-edged white linoleum, and cupboards and door are polished birch.



The Britannia Tubular Bridge, above, spanning the Menai Straits between Wales and Anglesey, was designed and built by Robert Stephenson. It was opened for traffic in March 1850.

FLOATING THE FIRST TUBE

The remarkable popular enthusiasm that greeted each successive feat performed by the great engineers of the early nineteenth century, and which helped to create the sense of public mission* that inspired the engineers' efforts, is nowhere better exemplified than in the floating of the first tube of Robert Stephenson's Britannia Bridge over the Menai Strait. This, the most anxious and exciting operation in an undertaking full of drama at every stage, was successfully accomplished exactly a hundred years ago—on June 20, 1849.

Though Stephenson had gained useful experience of the difficulties likely to be met with when using a somewhat similar technique in building the Conway bridge during the previous year, the hazards in this case—hazards inseparable from the empirical methods these pioneers of iron construction used—were even greater. The two main spans of the bridge were each of 460 feet. The iron tubes were constructed on wooden platforms† built up to high-tide level on the Caernarvon shore of the strait, and the idea was to float them on pontoons to their positions between the masonry piers and then to raise them to their permanent level hydraulically. Here is Samuel Smiles's account‡ of what happened when the piers were ready and the great day came.

Mr. Stephenson superintended the operation of floating the first in person, giving the arranged signals from the top of the tube on which he was mounted, the active part of the business being performed by a numerous corps of sailors, under the immediate direction of Captain Claxton. Thousands of spectators lined the shores of the Strait on the evening of the 19th of June, 1849. On the land attachments being cut, the pontoons began to float off; but one of the capstans having given way from the too great strain put upon it, the tube was brought home again for the night. By next morning the defective capstan was restored, and all was in readiness for another trial. At half-past seven in the evening the tube was afloat, and the pontoons swung out into the current like a monster pendulum, held steady by the shore guidelines, but increasing in speed to almost a fearful extent as they neared their destined place between the piers.

Smiles's account goes on to quote the words of Mr. Edwin Clark, the resident engineer in charge of the work under Robert Stephenson :

The success of this operation depended mainly on properly striking the 'butt' beneath the Anglesey tower, on which, as upon a centre, the tube was to be veered round into its position across the opening. This position was determined by a 12-inch line, which was to be paid out to a fixed mark from the Llanfair capstan. The coils of the rope unfortunately over-rode each other upon this capstan, so that it could not be paid out. In resisting the motion of the tube, the capstan was bodily dragged out of the platform by the action of the palls, and the tube was in imminent danger of being carried away by the stream, or the pontoons crushed upon the rocks. The men at the capstan were all knocked down, and some of them thrown into the water, though they made every exertion to arrest the motion of the capstan-bars. In this dilemma Mr. Charles Rolfe, who had charge of the capstan, with great presence of mind, called the visitors on shore to his assistance; and handing out the spare coil of the 12-inch line into the field at the back of the capstan, it was carried with great rapidity up the field, and a crowd of people, men, women, and children, holding on to this huge cable, arrested the progress of the tube, which was at length brought safely against the butt and veered round. The Britannia end was then drawn into the recess of the masonry by a chain passing through the tower to a crab on the far side. The violence of the tide abated, though the wind increased, and the Anglesey end was drawn into its place beneath the corbelling in the masonry; and as the tide went down, the pontoons deposited their valuable cargo on the welcome shelf at each end. The successful issue was greeted by cannon from the shore and the hearty cheers of many thousands of spectators, whose sympathy and anxiety were but too clearly indicated by the unbroken silence with which the whole operation had been accompanied.

That night it only remained for the pontoons to be cleared away, leaving the tube suspended over the waters of the strait ready to be lifted to the summits of the towers next day. It was found with admiration that a clear space remained between the ends of these gigantic tubes and the masonry face of the piers of exactly three-quarters of an inch.

J. M. Richards

* This characteristic of the period of heroic engineering during the first half of the nineteenth century was discussed in the article, 'The Wrong Turning,' in the March issue.

† See frontispiece of this issue.

‡ From *Lives of the Engineers*, 1862. Vol. III.

The object of the French Beaux Arts *tradition and training has always been to produce a certain level of competence, and this it has achieved by an insistence on certain fixed rules of design. The trouble is that the ideal of a level precludes bumps as surely as it precludes hollows, and this is what has happened in the present case. There is, however, one mountain peak which breaks the monotony of the nineteenth-century* Beaux Arts *plain—Charles Garnier's achievement in the Paris Opera House. As H. S. Goodhart-Rendel suggests in the following article, we are now far enough off to see this achievement whole.*

REASSESSMENT

3 PARIS OPERA HOUSE

I DO NOT KNOW when the term 'architecture' was first misused, as it is often misused now, to signify building that is emotionally inexpressive. True, the dictionary definition of it is 'the art or science of building,' and if architecture were to resign all claim to being a fine art I suppose it would need to do no more than make what was suitable and would stand up. But, whatever dictionaries may say, the word architecture during most of its history has been taken to signify the art of evoking emotion by the same means as those proper to sculpture, by the creation and selection of significant forms. Forms that signify not physical desiderata such as convenience, cleanliness and cheapness, but spiritual desiderata—harmony, wonder, gaiety, awe. The memory of this potency clings to the word architecture, even when the potency is lost.

In all the fine arts except architecture we are now recognizing that stylization is a process more normal than natural imitation. Even in architecture we have become tired of the *tranches-de-vie* provided by the schools of Gropius and Le Corbusier, and are conventionalizing their elements into a very strict style indeed. The first stages of such a development must necessarily be unsatisfactory, since nakedly realistic material suits the purposes of expressive art as badly as Alice's flamingo mallets and hedgehog balls suited the purposes of croquet. What our later stages will be it is too early to predict.

The architect of the Paris Opera House, Charles Garnier, had no such embarrassments. In the France of his day there was a magnificent orchestra of architectural instruments, and a magnificent band of architectural players, always ready for the composer who could use their powers to evoke new beauty. There was also ready for him an audience of highly trained sensibility upon which none of his virtuosity and erudition would be wasted. When at the age of thirty-six he won his great opportunity by competition, he crossed the threshold of the fourteen years of

ceaseless toil that were to bring the building to perfection. Nor can those fourteen years have been too many. Every detail of the ornament, exuberant but subtile, that he has so wonderfully controlled is intimately his, as characteristic of him as the eager profile of his face.

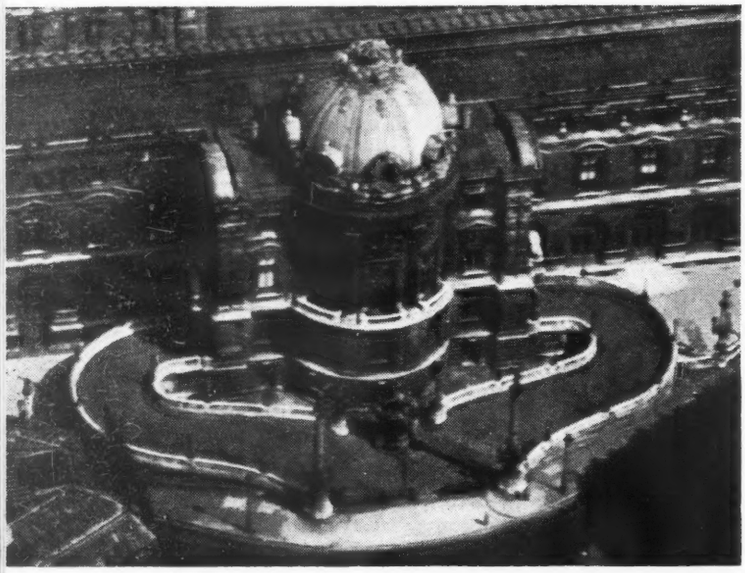
In its plan and section the Opéra is one of the grand classics. The combination of the various compartments of the plan and their mutual relations are both perfect, and the external dramatization of stage, auditorium and foyer is famous and unequalled elsewhere. The staircase is particularly grandiose, perhaps in rivalry with the famous one in the theatre at Bordeaux, and perhaps because of that rivalry novel and audacious in the extreme. In conceiving it I imagine Garnier to have reasoned somewhat as follows.

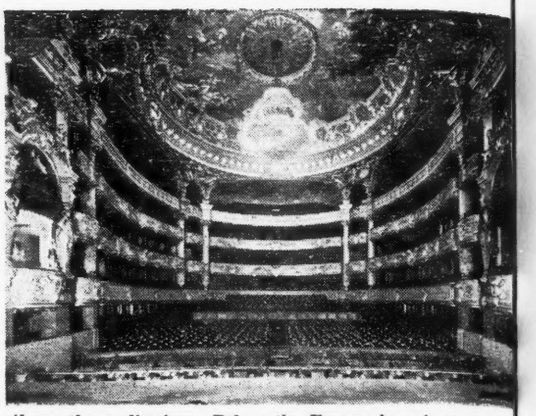
A staircase can be regarded either as the rising floor of a building or as a ladder between its storeys. If regarded as a rising floor (as it must be if between walls or around a solid newel) the architectural design of the building must rise with it, keeping pace with its march. If regarded as a ladder it must fly across the architectural design of the building, doing as little damage as possible on the way. Most open well staircases (including that by friend Louis at Bordeaux) are compromises between the two principles; the architectural design of the *cage déscalier* being complete as though no staircase were there, but adjusted so that in windows, doors, and cornices there are no undesirable collisions between the *cage* and its content. These adjustments are liable to be awkward, so why not make *cage* and staircase so independent of each other that none will be necessary? Only where openings in the walls have to be reached need the staircase touch the walls at all. And, to emphasize the staircase's independence, why should its flights not curve and twist as livelily as the living load it will carry?

If such reasoning is not unanswerable, the outcome of it in Garnier's hands is beyond cavil. The only criticism of the staircase that has ever occurred to me is that when not burdened with brilliantly dressed people it has a little the air of an empty frame. I do not think this criticism, even if justifiable, is adverse to it. It is intended to be burdened with brilliantly dressed people, and looks it.

The grand staircase was not the only means of dignified ascent that Garnier had to provide; the emperor had to be got up to his box by a way of his own. In arranging for this special difficulties arose which can best be recounted in a free translation of the words of Guadet, 'After the design had been settled,' Guadet tells us, 'an imperial command was received that carriage ramps must be provided, the crown having afforded its wearer no protection from asthma or from nervousness in lifts. The planning of these ramps in the limited space available proved extremely difficult. A rough plan was therefore made of the course proposed for them, and was taken to a flat expanse of sand where it was set out at full size. A four-horsed carriage was then made to drive at the walk, at the trot, and at the canter along the projected course of the ramps, an exact drawing being made afterwards of the marks thus made in the sand. In accordance with these marks the course was rectified and finally adjusted.'

I quote this curious record to show that no pains were too great for Garnier to take, even in the comparatively simple decision of how best to turn the emperor's carriage without turning it over. How to turn it and lift it simultaneously, with safety and dignity, was a problem of much greater delicacy only to be solved by an extraordinarily nice and ingenious balancing of the slope that the rise demanded. This problem has been solved with such mastery that the curves of road and balustrades are delightful in their ease and beauty. The royal entrance to the Opéra is one of the most impressive pieces of bravura in the whole of architecture.



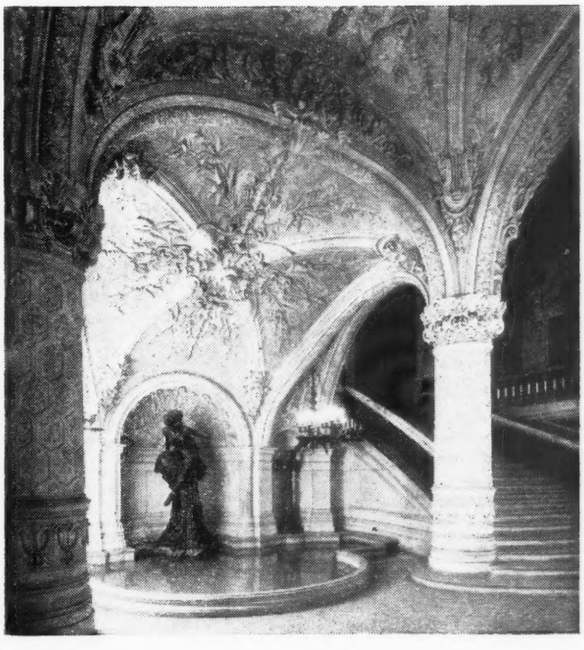


Above, the auditorium. Below, the Emperor's private entrance, an aerial view showing clearly the carriage ramps with their careful turns and camber, for the design of which Garnier constructed a full-sized plan in sand on which a four-horse carriage turned at varying speeds; a typical example of the immense care he expended on every detail.

The particular glory of the whole building seems to me in its close union of architecture and sculpture, a union so complete that its every acanthus leaf and carved ovolo seem to belong to the same artistic category with the grand groups of figures on the façade. I have always been told that the most famous of these, Carpeaux's *La Danse*, was based upon Garnier's own sketches. Even without knowledge of this nothing could seem more probable.

To the youth of the generation that is passing (my generation I sorrowfully admit) the sculptural complexity of Garnier's detail was a little hard to swallow. We were struggling out of *Art Nouveau* and *Louis Seize Moderne* toward what we believed would be the large and noble simplicities of a new era. If we had thought of the phrase we should probably have spoken of Garnier's architecture as 'frozen Meyerbeer.' In short, like many young people before and since, we were ignorant little prigs. Knowing something of history, however, and of the arts allied to architecture, sculpture in particular, we generally knew a classic when we saw it, if only to make it the object of particular attack. But we knew it was no good attacking the Opéra. Our mood survives in the not-quite-so-young, perseveringly modern as always; they have to acknowledge that Garnier's work is 'very well done,' but they are inhibited from yielding to its sensuous attraction. This I believe to be an inhibition from which the next generation will be entirely free. Louis Napoléon and Eugénie have receded into history, but Charles Garnier who worked at their bidding has left what has survived them and will survive many historical personages yet. He has left a work of his most potent youth that still is young in its energy and allurement. He has left a work of supreme skill that skilful men must always hold in reverence.

H. S. Goodhart-Rendel



PARIS OPERA HOUSE

Above, the grandiose staircase of the Paris Opera House has something of the air of a richly carved and ornately gilded, but picture-less, picture-frame when it is not serving its purpose of carrying a crowd of brilliantly dressed people upwards from the foyer. The wide shallow stairs are obviously designed to be filled with shimmering gowns and jewelled orders, with the richness of the columns and carvings supplying the perfect setting for the colour and movement of gay crowds intent on the social occasion of the opera. Garnier's care and thoroughness pervades the whole, and the turn of the stair down to the stalls, left, reveals a fountain and a pool of water enclosed in a richly vaulted niche, resembling the most sophisticated of grottoes. But there is more displayed than a capacity for grandiose tricks; a great creative imagination is felt to be at work making of what can be the deadest of all manners—the Beaux Arts—a vehicle for a piece of architecture which bridles and palpitates like the nobler examples of true baroque architecture.

In January 1949 the REVIEW produced a scheme for a riverside promenade for the South Bank of London to be known as

BANKSIDE PIER

A report on the costs and possible methods of construction of the pier has now been prepared by the well-known engineer Ove Arup.

BEFORE MAKING AN accurate estimate of the cost of a scheme such as that proposed by THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW, it would be necessary to make a number of investigations and decisions which might be discussed under four headings :—

1. *Effect of the proposed pier on river traffic, water flow, silting and hygienic conditions.*

I understand that the Port of London authorities have been approached with regard to the feasibility of a scheme such as this, and that although they did not feel able to commit themselves, they could not see any practical objections to the scheme.

As far as I can judge, the pier would not interfere much with the river traffic, as it would occupy the inside of a bend, which would be dry at low water. For the same reason, the obstruction to the flow of water would not be so great, but it would not be negligible and it would be necessary to ask the advice of experts on this matter to find out whether any adverse effects would ensue, and whether the scheme would lead to further silting up of the south bank and, if so, whether this would matter.

Some thought would also have to be given to the question of whether the creation of these vast gloomy covered-over areas of the Thames would need to be periodically patrolled by sanitary inspectors and police.

I do not think there could be any serious objection to the construction of the proposed pier from these points of view. I mention them because they ought to be gone into and they have not been considered in the rough scheme put forward except in so far as the scheme is designed, by the absence of low water bracing, to give the minimum obstruction to the flow of the water.

2. *Architectural requirements*—area of pier, two or three storey portions, floating piers, staircases, railings, pavings, roads, flower beds, lighting, etc.

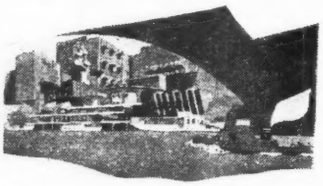
I need not waste much time in pointing to the obvious fact that the cost will depend on the architectural 'specification.' This applies to all such paraphernalia as railings, pavings, lights, structures and equipment.

3. The cost of the basic structure is mainly influenced by two of the factors under this heading, viz., the live load for which the pier is to be designed and the desired permanence of the structure.

The rough estimates that follow are for a pier designed to carry 1½ cwt. per sq. ft., 3 cwt. per sq. ft. and 6 cwt. per sq. ft. I find that the cost is increased in the proportion 1:1.22:1.7. I think it would be reasonable to take as a basis 3 cwt. per sq. ft., which would be sufficient for ordinary pedestrian and vehicular traffic, and to strengthen those portions which have to take special loads.

As regards durability, I assume that ordinary well-made vibrated precast reinforced concrete piles will have a sufficiently long life for the purpose. Some of the first piles driven

by Messrs. Christiani and Nielsen in the lower reaches of the Thames nearly 40 years ago were recently inspected and were found to be in good condition in spite of the fact that they, according to the engineer in charge at the time, showed extensive cracks during handling and driving. Apparently, the water had caused the concrete to swell slightly and closed the cracks, and no damage to the steel had occurred. Both the quality of cement and the art of producing a good concrete have improved since then, so that a very long life can be predicted for a pier founded on such piles. It might be possible further to increase this life by, for instance, manufacturing the piles as spun concrete tubes resulting in a very dense concrete without any sharp corners vulnerable to attack.



It may even be that on a job on this scale, the extra cost of this method of construction might be very low, if any, so that its adoption should be seriously considered.

It would require a considerable amount of work to go into the cost of building and equipping a factory for the production of such piles, and for this reason alone it has not been attempted here, but the idea should be investigated if it is decided to proceed with the scheme.

The superstructure, consisting of only a simple reinforced concrete slab, would have a life as long as anything else that is built in London, provided care were taken in detailing, workmanship, and the provision of expansion joints at suitable intervals.

3. *Physical conditions of site*—survey of ground levels, existing embankments, access to site, empty spaces available, water levels and currents, the nature and bearing capacity of substrata, necessary depth of pile foundations.

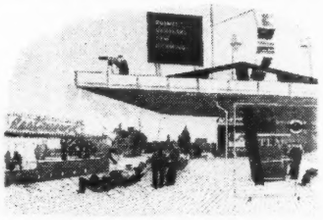
Of these factors affecting the cost, the nature of the ground is the most important as this will decide the length of piles to be driven. I have had a fair amount of experience of the driving of concrete piles further down the Thames, and I am confident that no special difficulties will be encountered on this score.

From information readily available it would seem that the level of the surface of London clay is nowhere more than 20 ft. below ordnance datum. As the top of the piles would be about 20 ft. above ordnance datum, and as a penetration of 20 ft. into the clay would undoubtedly be sufficient to give the required bearing capacity, the total length of the piles would not be more than 60 ft. Actually, in many cases, gravel overlays the clay, and it might be sufficient to stop the piles in the gravel. A good number of the piles can therefore be expected to be considerably shorter. I have in my estimate reckoned on an average of 55 ft. for the length of the piles.

4. *Design and method of construction.*—Investigation of different types of design, means of introducing extensive mechanization, use of prefabrication and pre-stressed concrete for decking.

In my opinion the pier should consist of a reinforced concrete decking supported on vertical piles without any horizontal or diagonal bracing below the deck. Although it is quite normal practice to provide such low water bracing, it is a very bad practice which both increases the cost and impairs the lasting qualities of the structure, as it is very difficult to ensure the high quality of concrete deposited between tides.

The long vertical piles must, of course, be protected against impacts



from river traffic. This can be done by floating booms and fender work along the edge of the pier. The majority of the piles are so far removed from the edge that they are not exposed to such blows.

The piles should be driven from a specially constructed pile-driving outfit supported on the piles already driven and cantilevering out to form a guide for the piles to be driven. The design and construction of several of these plants will take a little time and will mean a capital expense, but this will be amply repaid by the saving of temporary staging.

On the small jetties and piers so far constructed in the Thames, the normal procedure has been first to drive a temporary stage on which to travel with the pile-driving gear. This procedure would be utterly out of place on a scheme of this magnitude and, besides, the scarcity of timber forbids its use.

Although the main lines of the construction are those decided, the details can be varied *ad infinitum*.

I have investigated three different schemes, all based on concrete cast in situ for the deck slab. Of these, scheme No. 3 with a plain solid slab seems to be the most economical and is certainly the simplest and probably the most desirable and the one which has the greatest latent reserve of strength. My estimate of cost has therefore been based on this scheme, but that does not necessarily mean that I would be prepared to recommend it for the final design.

In the final scheme, there should exist a close integration between the design and the method of construction, and in a scheme of this magnitude an effort should be made to introduce a maximum amount of mechanization and prefabrication.

Approximate estimate of cost.—Scheme 3, as shown on the drawing below, with piles spaced regularly at 15 ft. intervals in both directions and a solid concrete slab on top, designed for a live load of 3 cwt. per sq. ft., will cost approximately 20s. to 22s. per sq. ft. The maximum load per pile would be 50 tons.

The total area of the pier is approximately 1,150,000 sq. ft. so that this would give us a total cost for the basic structure of, say, £1,250,000.

To this must be added first of all some kind of finish. It might be advisable to provide asphalte all over the pier, or there may be a variety of finishes according to the use to which the pier is put. This item may add another £200,000 to the cost.

Then there is the fenderwork, possibly £100,000, and the staircases, railings, lighting, junction to the existing quay wall, which items are very difficult to estimate, but which increase the total cost to, say, £1,650,000.

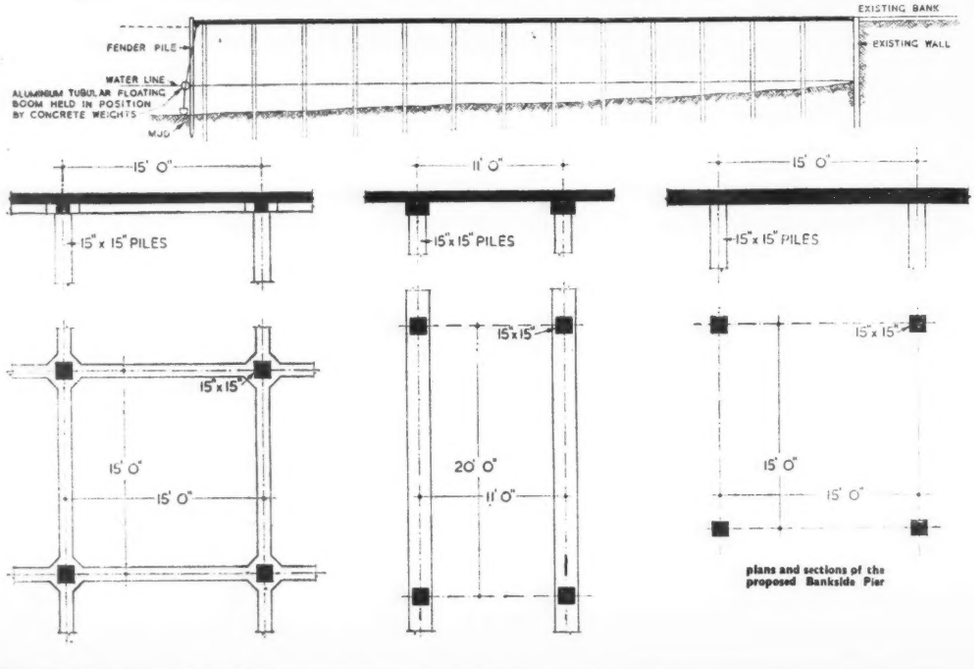
To this must be added the portions where two or more decks are provided. From a rough glance at the design, I think these high levels may amount to as much as 30 per cent of the whole area, and I think it is fair to say that these extra decks will cost about the same as the lower deck, because extra piles have to be introduced to support them. In other words, the total cost will then be near the £2,000,000 mark.

This still does not include any floating piers in front of the existing line of piers, or any restaurants or other buildings which are to be erected on the pier.

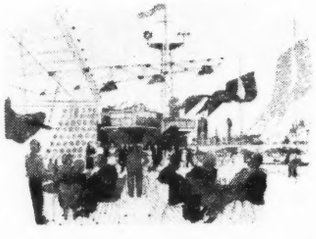
It will be appreciated that this estimate is very rough, but I think it indicates that for, say, £2,000,000, a pier on the lines proposed by THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW could be provided and that it is quite possible that, on going further into the details, a further saving could be achieved.

Ove Arup

An impression, by Gordon Cullen, of the REVIEW'S scheme for Bankside Pier, published by Reynolds News. *The three smaller drawings of the Pier are taken from* Bankside Regained, *published in the REVIEW in January this year.*



plans and sections of the proposed Bankside Pier



plan of Letcombe Bassett

LETCOMBE BASSETT, with a quarter of its houses condemned, and new building prohibited by the local authority, is a test case so far as the future of the rural village is concerned. Its fate was argued recently in a lively radio contest between John Betjeman and Thomas Sharp. As a result, the ARCHITECTS' JOURNAL commissioned a report on the present state of the place, with a view to finding out what future there is, if any, not only for Bassett but for all the small, inaccessible villages which contribute so largely to the character of the English countryside.

The facts of the case are these: the population of Letcombe Bassett is 158, engaged largely in agricultural work in the immediate area; farming, watercress cultivation and racehorse training are the main activities. The small town of Wantage is 3 miles away, reached by bus 12 times a week, and Letcombe Regis is one and a quarter miles down the stream which provides the watercress beds. There are no playing fields, nor is there a school, library, Women's Institute or resident vicar; there is, however, one small shop, and also a pub. Of 51 working-class dwellings, 12 are condemned, 19 need substantial repair, and the rest are considered habitable. Drainage comprises 8 cesspools, with earth closets and sink soakaways for the majority of the houses. Most of the older cottages are timber-framed (generally structurally sound) with wattle-and-daub or brick infilling (frequently needing major repair). Roofs are generally of thatch. In many cases the lack of damp-proof coursing results in flooding where floors are below ground level.

The opinion of Mr. T. Houghton the Planning Officer of the North Berks Regional Planning Committee is that:

(*a*) Apart from social considerations, which militate against the replacement of

houses within the present village, the drainage difficulty alone is conclusive against rebuilding there.

(*b*) New housing on the high ground above the village would take valuable farm land and the village would still lack communal facilities.

(*c*) The foregoing factors indicate that the best solution will be found in the resettling of most of the population in nearby Letcombe Regis, allowing Bassett to revert to little more than a group of farms with associated dwellings. Space is available in Regis; sewerage and amenities exist; and Wantage is just that 1¼ miles the nearer.

The opinion of Mr. George Fairweather, architect, stated in his report commissioned by the ARCHITECTS' JOURNAL, is that:—

(*a*) While mains water supply and electricity are available in the village, a suitable form of drainage is needed. A piped system and filter bed for Bassett would cost approximately £8,000.

(*b*) Since Letcombe Bassett's future hangs on the fate of the 31 scheduled houses, if the cost of reconditioning these, plus the cost of adequate drainage, proves to be less than the expense of accommodating their occupants in new houses to be specially built elsewhere, there is a good case for preserving the village.

(*c*) To conform to accepted standards of living, most of the houses require a good measure of modernization and repair, and a brief survey of 16 houses suggests a necessary expenditure of £300-£350 per house. Demolition may be justified in some cases where serious structural deficiencies exist. It would appear possible to expend £350 per house for reconditioning, and to provide the essential main drainage, and still to show a saving compared with the cost of building 31 new houses with all facilities.

The opinion of the REVIEW is that: the policy of enlarging certain chosen villages at the expense of others less well situated in relation to local towns, and less easily provided with the necessary modern amenities, is a welcome, indeed an overdue, one; BUT

The tendency in carrying out this policy, to disregard exceptions, or purposely to overrule the desires of the minority, in favour of tidier theories and speedier action, is one which seriously endangers success in much of our social and physical planning. In the department of rural planning, Letcombe Bassett is an obvious exception. Not only has it retained its visual character for centuries, it has also maintained a vigorous sense of social identity (witnessed by the powerful reaction of its inhabitants to the threat to annihilate it). In such a case, to ignore the wishes of the few, not because they jeopardize the welfare of the many, but merely because they are few, is indefensible. In the replanning of the countryside it is as much the job of the planner to make exceptions as to state principles, and Letcombe Bassett is the museum example of the kind of exception he should make.

BOOKS

PATTERN BOOK

HOME AND ENVIRONMENT. By Walter Segal. Leonard Hill, Ltd. 37s. 6d.

DURING the war, there appeared in a few of the architectural papers some exquisite drawings to which the eye was immediately attracted. But there was something even more unusual, the drawings showed attractive architecture, small houses arranged in a highly original way and with elevations of such refined and distinguished character that one glanced back at the beginning of the article to see who was responsible—Walter Segal. Then one read the article, and learnt that the author was responsible for the whole thing, the idea, the drawings and the description.

But this time one omits to look for the author's name, for here on the front end paper is the 'patio house,' as good as one remembers it and still the best of the many other schemes now described in the same way by line drawings and text inside. There are three parts, the small house, flats and maisonettes and site planning.

Mr. Segal plays first with the 'universal' plan, popular perennial, semi-detached, stair-hall and living-room across front, kitchen and dining-room across back. He then goes on to terrace housing and its two major difficulties, the 'way through' and width of frontage. Several designs for narrow frontages, one down to twelve feet, show what a good architect can do with a bad programme, but the narrow gardens will, I fear, always make this type unpopular. His charming 'terraced bungalows' are not true terraces but single-storey children of the patio houses to come later. Before this solution is reached, however, we are shown 'attached houses,' that is pairs connected by two-storey links. Good proportions still fail to make these architecturally satisfying but at least this solution stops the draught. So we reach the patio house, a brilliant idea for achieving single detached houses with privacy plus architectural unity. Houses are placed end on to the road with the space between each house and the next used as a 'patio' or courtyard. From the street the courtyard is screened by a one-storey kitchen and store and from the back garden by a trellis. The two-storey blank wall of the next house guarantees a privacy never before achieved in suburban development. A major objection might be lack of sun though angles have been carefully studied, a minor one could be the nailing up of your neighbour's wichuraina roses on that blank wall behind which lurks *your* sitting-room. Chapters on garages and heating equipment end the first part of the book.

Part two shows clearly how the design problem of flats is really exactly that of houses, only, as it were, more so. Access is more of a problem than with houses because of the addition of the vertical dimension, privacy because the households are closer. A breaking down of the 'block' of flats into individual household units is done here with varying degrees of success, the type with recessed balcony gardens (the patio again) between each flat being the best. Further splitting apart of each flat results in virtually stringing a number of small houses on to a glazed corridor, an attractive and somehow very English though obviously uneconomical scheme. Anyway the L.C.C. should take a good look at this book.

Layout, that is the arrangement of roads and aspects for both houses and flats, is studied in the third and last section, preceded by a glance at history. Mr. Segal's designs imply throughout an awareness of the importance of layout technique, the trellises, walls, hedges, paving, trees and the embroidery of the smallest flower. For all these, unfortunately, in reality, there never seems to be any money left. The enormous contribution they can make should be noted by all those responsible for housing.

About this book I have only two complaints, neither of them, I believe, in the author's power to correct. First, it is difficult to read, because detailed written discussion of a diagram, although printed on the same page is tiring, especially for the layman, even once. For 217 pages it nearly becomes quite impossible. It is the technique of the lantern slide on the screen with the lecturer's pointing stick, translated into literature, and this problem I have never seen solved. Second, a book of schemes illustrated only by drawings (even as good as these) is beginning to fray people's tempers. 'What you architects fail to give us' said the Librarian to whom I showed this book.

Some photographs of models would help, but the real answer is for these ideas to be built by Mr. Segal and others—for there will, I hope, be many imitators of so excellent a pattern book. If they fail to get built, it will be the failure not of architects, but of the clients, you and others, Mr. Librarian, who failed to find the right man, who realized too late that the fields around the church, now covered with an angry rash of purplish red brick, will never smile again. But you have our deepest sympathy.

Herbert Tayler.

SHORTER NOTICE

HISTORIC MIDWEST HOUSES. By John Drury. Minnesota. University Press. 27s. 6d.

If you want to see 'Henry Ford's boyhood bedroom' and to read of the hours 'loafed away by Ike Eisenhower at the Soda Fountain in Jones Callahan's café,' here is your book. If you want, however, the sort of information on Middle West houses which has recently been given you so exemplarily by Mr. Waterman on Virginia, you will be disappointed. This is a poorly produced book with a chatty text, nothing for a University Press to be proud of. Yet you can pick out from it a few houses worth remembering for sheer æsthetic qualities, and some interesting facts about the time-lag in architectural development between East and Middle West, for instance the log hut illustrated from Illinois in 1737, from Wisconsin *c.* 1820, from Kansas 1854, from South Dakota *c.* 1875. Otherwise it is of course always enjoyable to watch how the late Neo-Classical style starts growing gables and brackets, how gables start growing bargeboards, how the Mansard roof comes in about 1870, and so on to Frank Lloyd Wright's own house built at Oak Park, near Chicago, in 1891. **N.P.**

ANTHOLOGY

Headlong Fall or the Last Improver

Peering out cautiously, I observed my father peacocking about on the lawn, among an imported bevy of sycophantic females. He was wearing a grey wide-awake hat, a grey suit, and had, slung round him, a pair of binoculars. He was pointing with a stick towards the horizon, stabbing it, as it were. His voice, very clear and decisive, but rather thin, floated up to the window. 'All that belongs to *me!*' he was saying, in answer to a question, and, with a final stab, 'What we want there is just a cascade between the distant trees. Nothing looks so well or points a view so aptly as falling water! Not everyone can manage it—but it's quite easy for me.' And he added confidentially, with a little smile of self-congratulation, 'Between ourselves, I have over two miles of lead-piping up my sleeve!' The Bevy looked impressed, I thought, by this clever but unexpected piece of legerdemain.

The Bevy had succeeded to, and replaced, the Fun Brigade, and was much more heterogeneous in its composition. All the members of the Fun Brigade had come of the same race, class and creed, and, in a large sense, of the same family. Their interests, if limited in scope, had been identical. No-one belonging to it had been capable of understanding or admiring my father's imaginative creations. Further, though so pliable in other ways, yet the whole body was resolute in that not one member of it was willing to try to find favour with the master of the house by applauding him in this direction. *Esprit de corps* frowned on so great an outlay of money on things one could neither kill, eat, wear nor ride. Thus, when my father with pride showed to these people the lake he had made, the dam which was now being dug out in the Eckington woods, or propounded some new, still more grandiose scheme, they merely smiled wistfully, unconvincingly, while quickly calculating how much it had—or would—cost, and how many pheasants could have been reared, how many foxes torn to pieces, for that sum of money . . . What waste! . . . So they would only comment 'How neat!', 'How weird!', or 'Isn't it *killing*?' in the token phraseology of the day. (Indeed, he seemed to be able to obtain no response from anyone; for when he had lately observed a superannuated collier watching the digging in the woods, and had asked him 'Are you thinking of the fishing there will be?', the old man had replied gloomily: 'No, Sir George—I was thinking what a wunnerful lot o' suicides there'll be in that blinking pool.')

OSBERT SITWELL (*Great Morning*) Macmillan, London, 1948.

MARGINALIA

The Cost of Spoiling Wentworth Woodhouse

Open-cast mining, that process of extracting coal by means of surface workings which the Ministry of Fuel and Power (with the connivance of the Ministry of Town and Country Planning) employed to ruin the great landscape park of Wentworth Woodhouse, Yorks, is proving so expensive that it seems possible that it will be given up. According to the sixth report of the Select Committee on Estimates, published recently, the deficit in 1945-6 was 17s. 6d. on each ton produced, amounting to a total of about £7,000,000. In 1948-9 the deficit had been reduced to 2s. 6d. a ton: for this year it is estimated that it will be 2s. 10d. a ton. In view of these figures the Select Committee think that the policy of the Ministry of Fuel and Power (which hitherto has been to increase open-cast coal working) should be reviewed.

It will be remembered that it was on an economic pretext that the Ministry of Fuel, in defiance of public opinion, proceeded with open-cast mining at Wentworth Woodhouse. So one more instance of short-term economic considerations being preferred to long-term planning considerations, and then turning out not to be preferable even on short-term economic grounds, must be added to the dismal catalogue.

Bibliotheca Radcliviana

An exhibition was recently held in the Bodleian Library and the Radcliffe Science Library, Oxford, to commemorate the bicentenary of the opening of the Radcliffe Library (which, as readers of S. Lang's article in the April REVIEW will remember, took place on April 13, 1749). On show were designs for the Library (some of those discussed by Dr. Lang among them), engravings and photographs of the building, portraits and mementoes of Dr. Radcliffe and of former Librarians, and so on. The elegantly produced catalogue of the exhibition contains a short history of the library; the twenty or so illustrations include two of Gibbs's little known preliminary designs, each for a rectangular building.

INTELLIGENCE

At a ceremony held on April 23, 1949, the foundation-stone of the first house of the new satellite town of Hemel Hempstead was laid by the mayor.

Mr. Henry Braddock, A.R.I.B.A., A.A.Dipl., has been nominated President of the Architectural Association for its 103rd session, which starts on June 1, 1949.

A number of architects have been appointed for the 1951 Exhibition, to be responsible for co-ordination of design, and for the design of specific structures. Gerald Barry, the director-general, is also chairman of the Presentation Panel, which is: Cecil Cooke, Misha Black, Hugh Casson, Ian Cox, James Gardner, James Holland, Ralph Tubbs, Mark Hartland Thomas, and Antony D. Hippisley Coxe. The co-ordinating architects are Misha Black, Hugh Casson and Ralph Tubbs; and the co-ordinating display designers are James Gardner and James Holland.
The architects commissioned for work on the South Bank site are: Gordon Tait, Brian O'Rorke, George G. Baines, Basil Spence, H. T. Cadbury Brown, Eric Brown, Denis Clarke Hall, Wells Coates, Maxwell Fry and Jane Drew, Bronek Katz and R. Vaughan, Robert Goodden and R. D. Russell, the Architects' Co-operative Partnership, and Arcon.
The Council for Architecture, Town Planning and Building Research, which was approved last year, and which made these selections, is: Sir George Pepler, Prof. H. V. A. Briscoe, H. V. Lobb, F. J. Forty, Robert H. Matthew, Rowland Nicholas, J. M. Richards, Howard Robertson, and Hugh Casson.

At a meeting of the London County Council held on May 3, 1949, the letting of the contract for building the first part of the South Bank Concert Hall was approved; the work to cost £1,628,260. The architects are Robert Matthew and J. L. Martin.

Accent on Politics

It seems to be pretty generally agreed that the recent international conference of architectural students, held in London under the auspices of the International Union of Students, was concerned with politics as much as with architecture. The main resolution adopted by the conference is, unfortunately, far too long to quote in full, and the following extract must serve to give an idea of its general tone:—

> Architectural students realise that the history of the great periods of architecture in the past shows that a great flowering of architecture is possible only with the full participation both of the architects and the people who use their buildings. Architecture today can become great only by understanding the people's needs and expressing their desires. This Conference has shown us that in our times we must build primarily not for the single individual but for the (*sic*) wide sections of the people. Only the architect who is also

RAILWAY LETTERING. The Railway Executive announces that all lettering for signs at British Railway stations will be Gill Sans, on backgrounds of the Regional colour, the signs themselves to be enamelled metal plates of certain standard sizes. According to the press hand-out, 'large signs bearing the station name in 12-inch letters are to be fixed at the incoming ends of platforms of all stations on main trunk lines and principal stations on subsidiary lines. Smaller name signs will be displayed at intervals along the platforms . . . these signs will be 3 feet long and have letters normally 3 inches high. Other standard signs, on similar lines, have been designed to cover every title that is used on railway stations.' The Railway Executive says that the choice of Gill Sans was made 'after considerable research'—a statement which there is no reason to doubt—and that this type 'presents a very neat appearance, and is easy to read'—a judgment with which there is no reason to quarrel. But neatness and legibility are not everything, whatever civil servants may say to the contrary. As the illustrations show, even if one must accept standardisation, there are already types in traditional use (left) on British Railways that, in addition to legibility, have a boldness and punch which make them far more suitable for outdoor signs than the rather timid sans-serif so popular to-day (above).

a town-planner can envisage the many-sided aspects of the life of the people on this scale and express them in architectural form. Architects, therefore, while still students, must take an active part in the social life of the people in order to be able to express it. For the same reasons he must study not only his own professional subjects, but also be familiar with other fields of science and with contemporary technical development and practice in order to become an architect-planner in the fullest sense of the word.

This is very much the kind of thing one has read in conference resolutions before, and one need not accept all its clichés at their face value. Nevertheless, the resolution as a whole has aroused some opposition in student circles, as the following letter to the Editors of the REVIEW from the Secretary of the Students' Committee of the Architectural Association makes clear : —

To the Editors of
THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

SIRS,—We have been instructed by a Students' General Meeting to make public the fact that the Students of this School deplored the political aspect of the International Architectural Students' Conference and, therefore, passed the following motion by 148 for, 54 against, and 13 abstentions.

'That in view of the politically biased nature of the Main Resolution of the International Architectural Students' Conference, the students of the Architectural Association desire to dissociate themselves from the political sentiments expressed therein and instruct the Students' Committee to publicise the fact in the architectural press and inform the I.U.S. to that effect.'

Yours, etc.,
MARGARET SWANN.

[continued on page 312

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RÉSUMÉS

Juin 1949

Page 263: *Considérations à propos du Paysage, par Lionel Brett.* Pour la première fois dans l'histoire, il existe, en Angleterre, un organisme désigné à réglementer le paysage du pays entier. Mais comment celui-ci pourra-t-il atteindre ce but? A en juger d'après les tendances actuelles, dont la principale est la politique récemment adoptée à l'égard des Parcs Nationaux, cette organisation court le danger de se trouver utilisée dans le seul but de renforcer le culte des Sites Pittoresques reconnus. Ce qu'il nous faut, selon Mr. Brett, c'est une nouvelle orientation vers les principes fondamentaux, ce qui entrainerait en l'occurrence l'application de mesures fonctionnelles, et plus spécialement le recours à ce que Dudley Stamp appelle le Principe des Usages Multiples. Une fois que ce principe aura été accepté, le Parc National, au lieu d'être un terrain dont la vie économique est immobilisée par la loi, deviendra une zone dont l'utilité essentielle, pour des raisons convenues, sera établie par une autorité centrale. En fin de compte, le paysagiste sera jugé d'après sa capacité de créer une harmonie visible, autrement dit un *paysage caractéristique*.

Page 273: *St. John's Wood, par Peter Dickinson et Stephen Gardiner.* Le quartier de Londres connu sous le nom de St. John's Wood, situé au nord de Regent's Park, fut développé juste avant le milieu du dix-neuvième siècle. Possédant l'attrait d'avenues plantées d'arbres, ainsi que la solitude et l'intimité des meilleurs faubourgs de la capitale en même temps que les aménités de la zone centrale, ce quartier est unique en son genre. Cet article passe en revue les aspects d'architecture de St. John's Wood et formule ensuite des suggestions pour son redéveloppement, susceptibles de lui assurer un nouvel élan comme quartier d'habitation, tout en lui permettant de retenir cette ambiance spéciale qui lui a été propre dans le passé.

Page 291: *Automates et Simulacres, par Barbara Jones.* Continuant sa série d'articles sur l'art populaire en Angleterre, Barbara Jones écrit au sujet de divers objets tels que le petit bonhomme du ventriloque, les figures de cire et les marionnettes des théâtres de Guignol.

Page 295: *Sullivan contre le Monde, par Frank Lloyd Wright.* Nous reproduisons ici un chapitre du nouveau livre de Frank Lloyd Wright intitulé 'Le Génie et La Dictature de la Populace' (Genius and the Mobocracy), qui doit être publié ce mois-ci en Amérique par MM. Duell, Sloane et Pearce, Editeurs.

Page 303: *Le Lancement de la Première Travée, par J. M. Richards.* Le lancement de la première travée tubulaire du fameux pont de Robert Stephenson, traversant le Détroit de Menai entre l'île d'Anglesey et la côte septentrionale du Pays de Galles eut lieu le 20 juin 1849. Ce commentaire, ainsi que le frontispice de ce numéro, commémore le centenaire d'un des plus importants chefs-d'œuvre de génie mécanique du dix-neuvième siècle.

Page 303: *Le Théâtre de l'Opéra de Paris, par H. S. Goodhart-Rendel.* Cet article est le troisième de la série de réévaluations de ces chefs-d'œuvre du passé qui sont devenus si bien connus que personne maintenant n'y porte plus attention. Mr. Goodhart-Rendel trouve que chaque détail de l'ornementation du Théâtre de l'Opéra de Paris reproduit d'une façon intime la personnalité de Garnier, étant 'aussi caractéristique de lui que le profil vigoureux de son visage,' tandis que l'entrée royale représente 'un des plus brillants exemples de bravoure de toute l'architecture.' Poursuivant ce thème, il maintient que la prochaine génération sera entièrement libérée de cette inhibition qui a empêché dans le passé récent d'apprécier à sa juste valeur le 'charme sensuel' de l'œuvre de Garnier.

Page 305: *La Jetée au Bord du Fleuve, par Ove Arup.* Un des principaux experts de constructions en béton armé fournit un commentaire sur les aspects techniques de la proposition de LA REVUE préconisant la création d'une jetée le long de la rive sud de la Tamise, et donne en même temps une évaluation brute du coût probable d'une telle entreprise.

Page 307: *Letcombe Bassett.* Le sort de ce village dans le comté de Berkshire, que les Autorités locales d'Urbanisme proposent de détruire, en réinstallant les habitants ailleurs, a reçu une certaine publicité à la radio et a été discuté dans le ARCHITECTS' JOURNAL. Dans cet article, LA REVUE donne un résumé des circonstances y relatives et publie sa propre opinion à ce sujet, présumant que ce cas particulier pourrait bien affecter l'avenir des villages anglais en général.

Juni 1949

Seite 263: *Unser Verhältnis zur Landschaft von Lionel Brett.* Zum ersten Mal in der Geschichte gibt es in England einen Verwaltungs-Apparat, um die Landschaft des ganzen Landes zu schützen. Aber auf welche Weise soll er gehandhabt werden? Achtet man auf Symptome, unter denen die Propaganda für Nationalparks wohl das deutlichste ist, so besteht die Gefahr, dass es sich im wesentlichen darum handelt, die Erhaltung gewisser schöner Punkte als Kultus zu betreiben. Worauf es aber nach Lionel Brett ankommt, ist ein Erfassen von Grundprinzipien; dies bedeutet unter den gegebenen Verhältnissen ein gewisses Mass von Funktionalismus, mehr noch das was Dudley Stamp das Prinzip der mehrfachen Nutzanwendung genannt hat. Wenn man sich zu diesem Prinzip bekennt, so ist ein Nationalpark nicht ein Stück Land, dessen ökonomisches Leben durch ein Gesetz festgelegt ist, und das nach Uebereinkommen in seiner Verwaltung einer vorgesetzten Behörde untersteht. Wesentlich ist die Fähigkeit eine sichtbare Harmonie, *ein charakteristisches Landschaftsbild* zu gestalten.

Seite 273: *St. John's Wood von Peter Dickinson und Stephen Gardiner.* Der Teil Londons, der den Namen St. John's Wood trägt, und nördlich von Regents Park liegt, wurde kurz vor der Mitte des 19. Jahrhunderts angelegt. Er ist einzigartig in der Verbindung von Baumanlagen, ländlicher Zurückgezogenheit und Stille, wie sie gepflegten Vororten eignet, und dem städtischen Charakter eines nahe dem Zentrum gelegenen Stadtteiles. Im vorliegenden Aufsatz wird der architektonische Charakter von St. John's Wood untersucht und Anregungen für seinen Weiterausbau gegeben. Der Vorort muss trotz Weiterentwicklung die Vorzüge behalten, die sein Reiz in der Vergangenheit waren.

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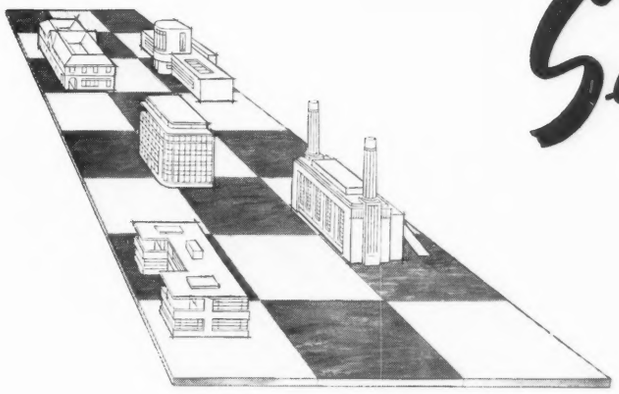

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Seite 291: *Automatisch bewegte Figuren und Verwandtes von Barbara Jones.* Die Verfasserin setzt ihre Aufsatzreihe über Volksbelustigungen in England fort und schreibt über Bauchredner, Wachsfiguren und Marionetten im Kasperle-Theater.

Seite 295: *Sullivan im Kampf mit der Welt von Frank Lloyd Wright.* Ein Kapitel aus Frank Lloyd Wright's neuem Buch: 'Der Genius und die Herrschaft des Pöbels,' das in den Vereinigten Staaten in diesem Monat bei Duell, Sloane & Pearce erscheinen wird.

Seite 303: *Einschwimmen der ersten Brückenöffnung von J. M. Richards.* Am 20. Juni 1849 wurde Robert Stephensons berühmte Brücke zwischen Anglesey und North Wales dem Verkehr übergeben. Diese Zeilen und die Abbildung auf dem Umschlag unseres Heftes feiern den hundertjährigen Gedenktag einer der grössten Taten der Ingenieurkunst im 19ten Jahrhundert.

Seite 303: *Das Opernhaus in Paris von H. S. Goodhart-Rendel.* Dieser Aufsatz ist der dritte in der Serie der Neuwertung jener Meisterwerke der Vergangenheit, die so bekannt sind, dass man sie als etwas Selbstverständliches hinnimmt. H. S. Goodhart-Rendel findet, dass selbst das kleinste Detail im Ornament der Pariser Oper für Garnier nicht weniger charakteristisch ist als 'das scharfgeschnittene Profil seines Gesichtes,' während der Haupteingang 'zu den eindrucksvollsten Glanzleistungen der Architektur gehört.' Er ist der Ueberzeugung, dass die nächste Generation ganz frei von jenen Hemmungen sein wird, die in der jüngsten Vergangenheit den vollen Genuss 'des sinnlichen Reizes' von Garniers Oper unterbunden haben.

Seite 305: *Bankside Pier von Ove Arup.* Ein führender Beton-Sachverständiger berichtet über die technische Seite des Vorschlags der ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW für einen Pier am Südufer der Themse und macht einen ungefähren Kostenanschlag.

Seite 307: *Letcombe Bassett.* Im Rundfunk so gut wie im ARCHITECTS' JOURNAL wurde das Problem dieses Dorfes in Berkshire, das die Lokalbehörde zu zerstören die Absicht hat, während die Bevölkerung an anderer Stelle angesiedelt werden soll, eingehend erörtert. Die ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW stellt die Tatsachen kurz zusammen und äussert ihre eigne Ansicht, da es sich um einen Fall handelt, der für die Zukunft des englischen Dorfes von weittragender Bedeutung sein kann.

Июнь 1949 г.

Стр. 263. **ЛЯЙОНЕЛ БРЕТТ.** ОТНОШЕНИЕ К ЛАНДШАФТУ

Впервые в истории Англии существует аппарат благодаря которому весь ландшафт страны может быть контролируем. Но как пользоваться этим аппаратом? Судя по существующим признакам, из которых самым ярким примером является возникающая политика о Национальных Парках, есть опасность, что этим аппаратом будут пользоваться только для увековечения культа признанных красивых мест (Бьюти Спот). Что в действительности требуется, говорит Г-н Бретт, это возвращение к основным принципам, которые в данном смысле значит введение утилитаризма, и в особенности приложение того, что Дадлей Стэмп называет Принципом Многочисленного Употребления („Принципал оф Малтипал Юз"). Как только этот принцип будет принят в основу, Национальный Парк превратися, вместо пространства экономическая жизнь которого скована официальным законом, в район который, по признанным причинам, должен иметь свои приорететы в общественном пользовании, установленные центральными властями. Но в конечном итоге, тот кто ответственен за планирование всегда будет судим, главным образом, по его способности создать видимую гармонию, — *характерный ландшафт.*

Стр. 273. **СТЕФЕН ГАРДНЕР И ПИТЕР ДИКИНСОН.** СЭНТ ДЖОНС ВУД

Та часть Лондона, которая известна под названием Сэнт Джонс Вуд, лежит к северу от Ридженс Парк (Парк к которому примыкает Зоологический Сад), достигла своего расцвета как раз перед началом середины девятнадцатого века. Соединяя в себе очарование многолиственности с уединением и отчужденностью, Сэнт Джонс Вуд принадлежит к числу лучшего типа Лондонских окрестностей. Эта комбинация цветущей зелени с близостью к центру города делает его исключительно изысканным уголком. Эта статья разбирает архитектурный характер Сэнт Джонс Вуда; в ней выражены некоторые предположения, которые могут послужить для улучшения этого района как жилищного центра (резиденшиал эреа), сохраняя его особенности, которыми Сэнт Джонс Вуд характерен в прошлом.

Стр. 291. **БАРБАРА ДЖОНС.** АВТОМАТЫ И ПОДОБИЯ

Барбара Джонс продолжает печатать серии статей на тему о популярном искусстве в Англии, она пишет о таких предметах как чревовещательные чучела, восковые фигуры и марионетки „Петрушки" (Панч и Джуди Шоу).

Стр. 295. **ФРАНК ЛЛОЙД РАЙТ.** САЛИВАН ПРОТИВ МИРА

Глава из новой книги Франка Ллойда Райта „Гений и Власть Толпы" (Джиниус энд Мобокроси) будет напечатана Дуиллом, Слоуном и Пирсом в течении этого месяца в Америке.

Стр. 303. **Ж. М. РИЧАРДС.** СПУСКАНИЕ НА ВОДУ ПЕРВОЙ ТРУБЫ

Спускание на воду первой трубы Роберта Стефенсона знаменитого моста через Минайский пролив между Ангельси и Северным Уэльсом было совершено 20-го Июня 1849 г. Эта заметка вместе с иллюстрацией, помещенной в начале этого издания, отмечает столетие одного из величайших инженерных достижений девятнадцатого века.

Стр. 303. **Г. С. ГУДАРТ-РЕНДЕЛ.** ЗДАНИЕ ПАРИЖСКОЙ ОПЕРЫ

Эта статья является третей из серии статей о переоценках тех образцовых произведений прошлого, которые стали так хорошо известны, что приняты без оговорок. Г-н Гударт-Рендел находит, что каждая деталь орнамента здания Парижской Оперы является воплощением самой личности Гарниера, „также характерна ему как цылкий профиль его лица", в то время как королевский под'езд является „одним из самых выразительных образцов бравюры

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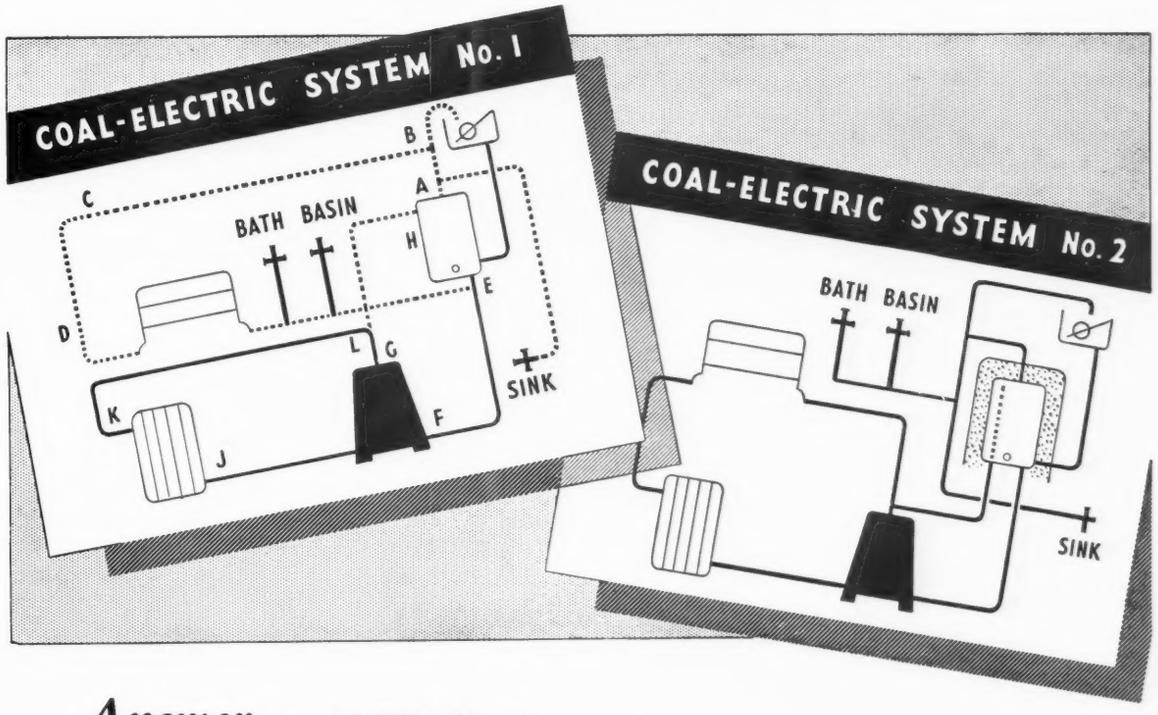
WATER-HEATING *quiz*

Which is correct?



Answer– SYSTEM No. 2

The reason . . . In system No. 1 the incorrect piping is shown in broken lines. There are three complete circuits causing waste of electricity. The towel rail, basin and bathroom taps are on one loop ABCDE, through which electrically-heated water will circulate and it is likely that a similar movement will also take place through the boiler loop EFGH and the radiator loop EFJKLH. Also, the running of the vent pipe vertically from the hot storage vessel causes single pipe circulation in AB and beyond. In addition, the length of dead leg to the sink tap is excessive.

The correct system No. 2 eliminates these faults by providing direct draw-offs to all taps and connecting the towel rail to the radiator circuit which will be heated only when the boiler is in use. Note that the flow pipe of this circuit originates at the boiler itself instead of branching off the flow pipe to the cylinder.

continued from page 314]

во всей архитектуре". Г-н Гударт-Рендел полагает, что следующее поколение будет совершенно свободно от внутреннего подавления, которое, в продолжении всего недавняго прошлого, не допускало до настоящего наслаждения „чувственной привлекательности" работы Гарньера.

Стр. 305. **ОВЕ АРУП.** НАБЕРЕЖНАЯ ПРИСТАНЬ

Выдающийся эксперт по железобетонным конструкциям сообщает, с технической точки зрения, о предложении редакции нашего журнала по поводу конструкции пристани (пира) вдоль южного берега Темзы, и указывает приблизительную стоимость этой работы.

Стр. 307. **ЛЕТНОМ БАССИТТ**

Случай этой деревни, находящейся в провинции Баркшир (к западу от Лондона), местные власти которой предполагают уничтожить самою деревню, собираясь переселить все население деревни куда нибудь в другое место. Этот случай получил большую гласность по радио и в *Архитектурном Журнале* („Архитекте Джорнал"). В этой статье редакция нашего журнала, сеумируя факты, считает что этот случай явится прецедентом, результат которого может иметь влияние на будущее английских деревень.

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editors of
THE ARCHITECTURAL REVIEW

SIRS,—I have received an enquiry from the Secretary of the Architecture Section of VOKS (the Soviet Society for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries) in the following terms:

'We have had a request from some of our members for information on modern English architectural designs. They would like to have information on different types of up-to-date English residential (domestic) architecture. A brief description of the main tendencies in modern English architecture of this kind, and a set of photographs illustrating modern architectural design and constructed buildings which have been approved by a wide English audience, would be welcomed.'

The S.C.R. Architecture and Planning Group wishes to collect a comprehensive selection of material so that Soviet architects can have the fullest information, and I should be glad to have the help of your readers in this, in the form of gifts of plans, photographs, descriptive material, or publications on post-war housing work.

Yours, etc.,

ARTHUR LING.

Chairman, The S.C.R., Architecture and Planning Group, 14, Kensington Square, London, W.8.

Contractors, Sub-Contractors and Suppliers

New Factory at Gateshead on the Team Valley Trading Estate. *General Contractors:* Thomas Clements & Sons. *Dampcourses:* H. R. Vaughan & Co. *Reinforcement:* The Square Grip Reinforcement Co. *Structural steel:* Durham Steelwork Ltd. *Steel decking, roofing felt:* The Ruberoid Co. *Roofing felt:* H. R. Vaughan & Co. *Patent glazing:* Williams & Williams. *Flooring:* Armstrong Todd, Commercial Marble & Tiles, Armstrong Cork Co., Denton & Co. *Heating, ventilating:* G. N. Haden & Sons. *Electrical installation:* Reid Ferens. *Sanitary fittings:* Stitson's Sanitary Fittings. *Pumps:* Sigmund Pumps. *Door furniture:* Dryad Metal Works. *Metal windows:* Crittall Manufacturing Co. *Clocking system, telephones:* Telephone Rentals (Northern). *Rolling shutters:* G. Brady & Co. *Fireproof doors:* John Tann. *Iron staircases:* Wainwright & Waring. *Tiling:* Commercial Marble & Tiles. *Canteen furniture:* Pel. *Travelling cranes:* Herbert Morris.

Flat in Kensington. *General Contractors:* Simmonds Brothers & Sons, Ltd. *Door furniture:* Dryad Metal Works, Evered & Co. *Joinery and fittings:* E. A. Higginson & Co. *Metal windows:* Henry Hope & Sons. *Towel rails:* Ideal Boilers & Radiators, Ltd. *Sink:* A. Johnson & Co. Ltd. *Stair handrail:* Kingsmill Metal Co. Ltd. *Electrical tubular heating:* Wardle Engineering Co. Ltd.

Furnishing Items. Special loose furniture: R. Mills, Betula Ltd. *Light fittings:* Best & Lloyd Ltd., Oswald Hollman, Royley Gallery. *Carpets, fabrics, upholstery, furniture, kitchen equipment:* Heal & Son, Fortnum & Mason, Peter Jones, Gordon Russell, Waring & Gillow. *Wallpaper:* John Line, Gordon Russell.

Acknowledgments

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Corrections

In the April issue (page 198) the price of *Portrait of Durham Cathedral* by G. H. Cook (Phœnix House, 1948) is incorrectly given as 21s. The price of this particular series on English Cathedrals is 12s. 6d.

The drawings reproduced on pages 212 and 213 of the May issue of the REVIEW are the property of Mr. M. L. Wolfe-Barry and not of Mr. H. M. Wolfe-Barry as stated in the acknowledgment.